Ang.a Kauffman Inv.

F. Bartolozzi Sculp.

Published as the Act directs Octo.r 1.st 1781 by James Buckland

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN SCOTT ESQ.

LONDON
Printed for J. Buckland,
MDCCLXXXII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SUCH of the following Pieces as were formerly publiſhed having been honoured with general approbation, any apology for reprinting them muſt be unneceſſary. The others, which conſtitute the principal part of this Volume, it is apprehended, are not of inferior merit; and the whole may perhaps afford an innocent and agreeable amuſement to the Lovers of Nature and Poetry.

AMWELL, 1782.

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ERRATA.

Notwithstanding the Author's utmost attention to the Press, the following Mistakes unfortunately escaped his notice.

Page 17, Line 6, for *wane* read *wain*

——126, } for *Essay on Oriental Poetry*, read *Essay on*
——134, } *the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.*

——160, Line 5, for *Bid* read *Bade*

——237, Line 13, for *stern* read *severe*

——295, Line 4, for *turn'd* read *turn*

⁂ The following erroneous assertion was occasioned by a culpable dependance on Memory, viz.

Page 290, EURIPIDES is said to have been termed, by COLLINS, the *Priest of Pity*. That appellation may have been given to the Grecian Poet by some other Writer, but it is not by COLLINS.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

At ſecura quies, et neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum ; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni
Non abſunt. Illic ſaltus, ac luſtra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque aſſueta juventus,
Sacra deûm, ſanctique patres : extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.

VIRG. Georg. II. l. 467.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The moſt rational definition of Paſtoral Poetry ſeems to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr. JOHNSON, in the 37th Number of his RAMBLER. 'Paſtoral,' ſays he, 'being the repreſentation of an 'Action or Paſſion, by its effects on a Country Life, 'has nothing peculiar, but its confinement to Rural 'Imagery, without which it ceaſes to be Paſtoral.' This Theory the Author of the following Eclogues has endeavoured to exemplify.

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MUSEUM

Bethard del. Heath sculp.

ECLOGUE I.

THERON; or, the Praiſe of RURAL LIFE.

SCENE, a Heath:

Seaſon, SPRING; Time, MORNING.

FAIR Spring o'er Nature held her gentleſt ſway;
Fair Morn diffus'd around her brighteſt ray;
Thin miſts hung hovering on the diſtant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The Shepherd THERON watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the graſſy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleaſant to his view,
With ſhrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue:

There hawthorns tall their ſilver bloom diſclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daiſies ſpread,
And ſweet May-lilies richeſt odour ſhed.
From many a copſe and bloſſom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There ſhrill the lark and ſoft the linnet ſung,
And loud through air the throſtle's muſick rung.
The gentle Swain the chearful ſcene admir'd;
The chearful ſcene the ſong of joy inſpir'd.
'Chant on,' he cry'd, 'ye warblers on the ſpray!
'Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the paſtures play!
'Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
'Murmur, ye rills! and whiſper ſoft, ye gales!
'How bleſt my lot, in theſe ſweet fields aſſign'd,
'Where Peace and Leiſure ſooth the tuneful mind;
'Where yet ſome pleaſing veſtiges remain
'Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,
'When Love and Virtue rang'd Arcadian ſhades,
'With undeſigning youths and artleſs maids!

'For

'For us, though deſtin'd to a later time,
'A leſs luxuriant ſoil, leſs genial clime,
'For us the country boaſts enough to charm,
'In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.
'Come, CYNTHIO, come! in town no longer ſtay;
'From crouds, and noiſe, and folly, haſte away!
'The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
'The vernal ſhow'rs awake a rich perfume.
'Where DAMON's manſion, by the glaſſy ſtream,
'Rears its white walls that thro' green willows gleam,
'Annual the neighbours hold their ſhearing-day;
'And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
'Thoſe ſhear their ſheep, upon the ſmooth turf laid,
'In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's ſhade;
'Theſe for their friends th'expected feaſt provide,
'Beneath cool bowers along th' incloſure's ſide.
'To view the toil, the glad repaſt to ſhare,
'Thy DELIA, my MELANIA, ſhall be there;
'Each, kind and faithful to her faithful ſwain,
'Loves the calm pleaſures of the paſtoral plain.

'Come, CYNTHIO, come! If towns and crouds invite,
'And noiſe and folly promiſe high delight;
'Soon the tir'd ſoul diſguſted turns from theſe—
'The rural proſpect, only, long can pleaſe!'

ECLOGUE II.

PALEMON; or, BENEVOLENCE.

SCENE, a Wood-ſide on the Brow of a Hill:

Seaſon, SUMMER; Time, FORENOON.

BRIGHT fleecy clouds flew ſcattering o'er the ſky,
And ſhorten'd ſhadows ſhew'd that noon was nigh;
When two young Shepherds, in the upland ſhade,
Their liſtleſs limbs upon the greenſward laid.
Surrounding groves the wandering ſight confin'd—
All, ſave where, weſtward, one wide landſcape ſhin'd.
Down in the dale were neat incloſures ſeen,
The winding hedge-row, and the thicket green;
Rich marſhland next a gloſſy level ſhow'd,
And thro' grey willows ſilver rivers flow'd:
Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
And waving foreſts, form'd the proſpect's bound.

Sweet was the covert where the Swains reclin'd!
There ſpread the wild roſe, there the woodbine twin'd;
There ſtood green fern; there, o'er the graſſy ground,
Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around;
And centaury red and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And ſcarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy ſtrawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies their wings on each fair flower diſplay'd,
And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.
Along the brow a path delightful lay;
Slow by the youths PALEMON chanc'd to ſtray,
A Bard, who often to the rural throng,
At vacant hours rehears'd the moral ſong!
The ſong the Shepherds crav'd; the Sage reply'd;
'As late my ſteps forſook the fountain ſide,
'Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
'Their flocks young PIRONEL and LARVON drove;

'With

'With us perchance they'll reſt awhile'—The Swains
Approach'd the ſhade; their ſheep ſpread o'er the plains:
Silent they view'd the venerable man,
Whoſe voice melodious thus the lay began.
'What ALCON ſung where Eveſham's vales extend,
'I ſing; ye Swains, your pleas'd attention lend!
'There long with him the rural life I led,
'His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
'Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
'Stood pleaſant cots with trees diſpers'd between,
'Beſide his door, as waving o'er his head
'A lofty elm its ruſtling foliage ſpread,
'Frequent he ſat; while all the village train
'Preſs'd round his ſeat, and liſten'd to his ſtrain.
'And once of fair Benevolence he ſung,
'And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
"Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
"Sweet ſcenes, where Plenty reigns, and Pleaſure
"roves!

"Woo

" Woo to your bowers Benevolence the fair,
" Kind as your ſoil, and gentle as your air.
" She comes! her tranquil ſtep, and placid eye,
" Fierce Rage, fell Hate, and ruthleſs Avarice fly.
" She comes! her heav'nly ſmiles, with powerful
" charm,
" Smooth Care's rough brow, and reſt Toil's weary
" arm.
" She comes! ye Shepherds, importune her ſtay!
" While your fair farms exuberant wealth diſplay,
" While herds and flocks their annual increaſe yield,
" And yellow harveſts load the fruitful field;
" Beneath grim Want's inexorable reign,
" Pale Sickneſs, oft, and feeble Age complain!
" Why this unlike allotment, ſave to ſhow,
" That who poſſeſs, poſſeſs but to beſtow?"

PALEMON ceas'd.—' Sweet is the ſound of gales
' Amid green oſiers in the winding vales;
' Sweet is the lark's loud note on ſunny hills,
' What time fair Morn the ſky with fragrance fills;

'Sweet is the nightingale's love-ſoothing ſtrain,
'Heard by ſtill waters on the moonlight plain!
'But not the gales that thro' green oſiers play,
'Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
'Pleaſe like ſmooth numbers by the Muſe in-
'ſpir'd!'—

LARVON reply'd, and homeward all retir'd.

ECLOGUE III.

ARMYN; or, The Discontented.

SCENE, a Valley:

Seaſon, Summer; Time, Afternoon.

SUMMER o'er heav'n diffus'd ſereneſt blue,
And painted earth with many a pleaſing hue;
When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendent ſpray,
Cool was the ſhade, and cool the paſſing gale,
And ſweet the proſpect of the adjacent vale;
The fertile ſoil, profuſe of plants, beſtow'd
The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple ſhow'd,
And ſpiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadſweet tall with tufts of flowrets crown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary ſilver-weed,
The bending oſier, and the ruſtling reed.

There, where clear ſtreams about green iſlands
ſpread,
Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of ARMYN, fed;
There, on the hill's ſoft ſlope, delightful view!
Fair fields of corn, the wealth of ARMYN, grew.
His ſturdy hinds, a ſlow laborious band,
Swept their bright ſcythes along the level land:
Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them paſt,
And the thick ſwarth in careleſs wind-rows caſt.
Full on the landſcape ſhone the weſtering ſun,
When thus the Swain's ſoliloquy begun:

'Haſte down, O Sun! and cloſe the tedious day:
'Time, to the unhappy, ſlowly moves away.
'Not ſo, to me, in Roden's ſylvan bowers,
'Paſs'd Youth's ſhort bliſsful reign of careleſs hours;
'When to my view the fancy'd future lay,
'A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
'O then, what ardors did my breaſt inflame!
'What thoughts were mine, of friendſhip, love, and
'fame!

'How

'How taſteleſs life, now all its joys are try'd,
'And warm purſuits in dull repoſe ſubſide!'
He paus'd: his cloſing words ALBINO heard,
As down the ſtream his little boat he ſteer'd;
His hand releas'd the ſail, and dropt the oar,
And moor'd the light ſkiff on the ſedgy ſhore.
'Ceaſe, gentle Swain,' he ſaid; 'no more, in vain,
'Thus make paſt pleaſure cauſe of preſent pain!
'Ceaſe, gentle Swain,' he ſaid; 'from thee, alone,
'Are youth's bleſt hours and fancy'd proſpects flown?
'Ah, no!—remembrance to my view reſtores
'Dear native fields, which now my ſoul deplores;
'Rich hills and vales, and pleaſant village ſcenes
'Of oaks whoſe wide arms ſtretch'd o'er daiſied greens,
'And wind-mill's ſails ſlow-circling in the breeze,
'And cottage-walls envelop'd half with trees—
'Sweet ſcenes, where Beauty met the raviſh'd ſight,
'And Muſic often gave the ear delight;

'Where

'Where DELIA's ſmile, and MIRA's tuneful ſong,
'And DAMON's converſe, charm'd the youthful
'throng!
'How chang'd, alas, how chang'd!—O'er all our
'plains,
'Proud NORVAL, now, in lonely grandeur reigns;
'His wide-ſpread park a waſte of verdure lies,
'And his vaſt villa's glittering roofs ariſe.
'For me, hard fate!—But ſay, ſhall I complain?
'Theſe limbs yet active Life's ſupport obtain.
'Let us, or good or evil as we ſhare,
'That thankful prize, and this with patience bear.'
The ſoft reproach touch'd ARMYN's gentle breaſt;
His alter'd brow a placid ſmile expreſt.
'Calm as clear ev'nings after vernal rains,
'When all the air a rich perfume retains,
'My mind,' ſaid he, 'its murmurs driv'n away,
'Feels Truth's full force, and bows to Reaſon's ſway!'
He ceas'd: the ſun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains, and the glittering ſtreams.

Slow

Slow down the tide before the ſinking breeze,
ALBINO's white ſail gleam'd among the trees;
Slow down the tide his winding courſe he bore
To watry Talgar's aſpin-ſhaded ſhore.
Slow croſs the valley, to the ſouthern hill,
The ſteps of ARMYN ſought the diſtant vill,
Where thro' tall elms the moſs-grown turret roſe;
And his fair manſion offer'd ſweet repoſe.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCORON; or, The Unhappy.

SCENE, a Valley:

Seaſon, Autumn; Time, Evening.

THE matron, Autumn, held her ſober reign
O'er fading foliage on the ruſſet plain:
Mild Evening came; the moon began to riſe,
And ſpread pale luſtre o'er unclouded ſkies.
'Twas ſilence all—ſave, where along the road
The ſlow wane grating bore its cumb'rous load;
Save, where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And ſcreaming herons ſought their watry prey—
When hapleſs Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his ſoft ſorrows on the paſſing gale.
'That grace of ſhape, that elegance of air,
'That blooming face ſo exquiſitely fair;

'That eye of brightneſs bright as morning's ray,
'That ſmile of ſoftneſs ſoft as cloſing day,
'Which bound my ſoul to thee; all, all are fled—
'All loſt in dreary manſions of the dead!
'Ev'n him, whom diſtance from his Love divides,
'Toil'd on ſcorch'd ſands, or toſt on rolling tides,
'Kind Hope ſtill chears, ſtill paints, to ſooth his pain,
'The happy moment when they meet again.
'Far worſe my lot! of Hope bereft, I mourn!—
'The parted ſpirit never can return!'

Thus DAMON ſpoke, as in the cypreſs gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his DELIA's tomb.
In the ſtill valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle Shepherds chanc'd his voice to hear:
LYCORON's head Time's hand had ſilver'd o'er,
And MILO's cheek Youth's roſy bluſhes bore.

'How mournful,' ſaid LYCORON, 'flows that ſtrain!
'It brings paſt miſeries to my mind again.
'When the blithe Village, on the vernal green,
'Sees its fair Daughters in the dance convene;

And

'And Youth's light ſtep in ſearch of Pleaſure ſtrays,
'And his fond eyes on Beauty fix their gaze;
'Shouldſt thou then, lingering midſt the lovely
'train,
'Wiſh ſome young Charmer's eaſy heart to gain,
'Mark well, that Reaſon Love's purſuit approve,
'Ere thy ſoft arts her tender paſſions move:
'Elſe, tho' thy thoughts in Summer regions range,
'Calm ſunny climes that ſeem to fear no change;
'Rude Winter's rage will ſoon the ſcene deform,
'Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering
'ſtorm!'
'When parents interdict, and friends diſſuade,
'The prudent cenſure, and the proud upbraid;
'Think! all their efforts then ſhalt thou diſdain,
'Thy faith, thy conſtancy, unmov'd, maintain?
'To Iſca's fields, me once Ill-fortune led;
'In Iſca's fields, her flocks ZELINDA fed:
'There oft, when Ev'ning, on the ſilent plain,
'Commenc'd with ſweet ſerenity her reign,

'Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
'The Fair-one liſten'd to my tender tales;
'Then when her mind, or doubt, or fear, diſtreſt,
'And doubt, or fear, her anxious eyes expreſt,
"O no!" ſaid I, "let oxen quit the mead,
"With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
"Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
"And larks purſue the falcon through the ſky;
"Streams ceaſe to flow, and winds to ſtir the lake,
"If I, unfaithful, ever thee forſake!—"
'What my tongue utter'd then, my heart believ'd:
'O wretched heart, ſelf-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
'Fell Slander's arts the Virgin's fame accus'd;
'And whom my love had choſe, my pride refus'd.
'For me, that cheek did tears of grief diſtain?
'To me, that voice in anguiſh plead in vain?
'What fiend relentleſs then my ſoul poſſeſt?
'Oblivion hide! for ever hide the reſt!
'Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd;
'Too late my pity and my juſtice mov'd!

He

He ceas'd, with groans that more than words expreſt;
And ſmote in agony his aged breaſt.
His friend reply'd not; but, with ſoothing ſtrains
Of ſolemn muſic, ſought to eaſe his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowſlip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm compoſure caſt;
And ſlowly down the ſhadowy vale in penſive mood they paſt.

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There is who deems all climes, all seasons fair
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life. Day IV.

ELEGY I.

Written at the APPROACH of SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick-ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes th' approaching months prepare;
Kind Spring's full bounty ſoon will be diſplay'd;
The ſmile of beauty ev'ry vale ſhall wear;
The voice of ſong enliven ev'ry ſhade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind Spring her wonted bounty ſhow'r,
The ſmile of beauty, and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun the ſcenes where madd'ning paſſion raves,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her ſlaves
O'er proſtrate Virtue in purſuit of gold.

The graſſy lane, the wood-ſurrounded field,
The rude ſtone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay:

And yet even here, amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
  Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
  And Death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhow'rs ſucceed,
  (The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead,
  Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
  To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
  His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt?

Ah ceaſe—no more of Providence complain!
  'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
  And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below:

Why

Why elſe the ſmiling infant-train ſo bleſt,
Ere ill propenſion ripens into ſin,
Ere wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe;

Such mine, when firſt, from London's crowded ſtreets,
Rov'd my young ſteps to Surry's wood-crown'd hills,
O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thouſand ſweets,
By ſhady coverts and by chryſtal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What ſhare I now that can your loſs repay,
While o'er my mind theſe glooms of thought are ſpread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is

Is there no Power this darkneſs to remove?
The long-loſt joys of Eden to reſtore?
Or raiſe our views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear and pain and death ſhall be no more?

Yes, thoſe there are who know a SAVIOUR's love
The long-loſt joys of Eden can reſtore,
And raiſe their views to happier ſeats above,
Where fear and pain and death ſhall be no more:

Theſe grateful ſhare the gifts of Nature's hand;
And in the varied ſcenes that round them ſhine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand),
Admire th' amazing workmanſhip divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let ſtrays,
Spoſts not an inſect on the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe.

For

For them ev'n vernal Nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the faireſt ſmile of Day,
To them more ſweet the ſweeteſt breath of Morn.

They feel the bliſs that Hope and Faith ſupply;
They paſs ſerene th' appointed hours that bring
The Day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The Day that centers in Eternal Spring.

ELEGY II.

Written in the HOT WEATHER, *July*, 1757.

THree hours from noon the paſſing ſhadow ſhows,
The ſultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling Ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature ſcarce its rage ſuſtains.

Now ſtill and vacant is the duſty ſtreet,
And ſtill and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where thoſe ſwains, oppreſs'd with toil and heat,
The graſſy harveſt of the mead attend.

Loſt is the lively aſpect of the ground,
Low are the ſprings, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant ſpot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon ſtream's unfailing ſtores ſupply.

Where

Where are the flow'rs, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their ſtems relax, faſt fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their duſty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields diſplay,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving ſong,
That fill'd in genial ſpring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine thro' this long, long courſe of ſultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliſs by Summer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught?
The ſun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The

The weary ſoul Imagination chears,
Her pleaſing colours paint the future gay:
Time paſſes on, the truth itſelf appears,
The pleaſing colours inſtant fade away.

In diff'rent ſeaſons diff'rent joys we place,
And theſe will Spring ſupply, and Summer theſe;
Yet frequent ſtorms the bloom of Spring deface,
And Summer ſcarcely brings a day to pleaſe.

O for ſome ſecret ſhady cool receſs,
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darkſome trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repreſs,
Where the long aiſle invites the lazy breeze!

But why theſe plaints?—reflect, nor murmur more—
Far worſe their fate in many a foreign land,
The Indian tribes on Darien's ſwampy ſhore
The Arabs wand'ring over Mecca's ſand.

Far worſe, alas! the feeling mind ſuſtains,
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or ſhame;
The hopeleſs lover bound in Beauty's chains,
The bard whom Envy robs of hard-earn'd fame;

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely conſort loſt in early bloom;
He, whom fell FEBRIS, rapid Fury! burns,
Or PHTHISIS ſlow leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Leſt Man ſhould ſink beneath the preſent pain;
Leſt Man ſhould triumph in the preſent joy;
For him th' unvarying laws of Heav'n ordain,
Hope in his ills, and to his bliſs alloy.

Fierce and oppreſſive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuſeful to our humid ſoil;
Thence ſhall our fruits a richer flavour ſhare,
Thence ſhall our plains with riper harveſts ſmile.

Reflect

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreſhing ſhow'rs may fall,
Nor ſoon yon ſun riſe blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the Eaſt loud bluſt'ring gales ariſe;
Wide and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And diſtant lightnings flaſh along the ſkies!

O, in the awful concert of the ſtorm,
While hail and rain and wind and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my ſoul inform,
May joyful ſongs of rev'rent praiſe be mine!

ELEGY III.

Written in HARVEST.

FAREWELL the pleaſant violet-ſcented ſhade,
The primros'd hill, and daiſy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with ſpringing corn array'd;
The ſunny wall, with bloomy branches ſpread:

Farewell the bow'r with bluſhing roſes gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield:

Of theſe no more—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her ſeat;
Th' autumnal landſcape op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the ſteepy ſlope or wide champaign.

The ſmile of Morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful Labour calls her ſons abroad;
They leave with chearful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields reſign their ripen'd load.

In various taſks engage the ruſtic bands,
And here the ſcythe, and there the ſickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the ſwarths upon the field.

Some build the ſhocks, ſome load the ſpacious wains,
Some lead to ſhelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homeſtead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful ſwains that raiſe the clam'rous ſong,
Th' incloſure gates thrown open all around,
The ſtubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

Soon mark glad harveſt o'er—Ye rural Lords,
Whoſe wide domains o'er Albion's iſle extend;
Think whoſe kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praiſe aſcend!

For tho' no gift ſpontaneous of the ground
Roſe theſe fair crops that made your vallies ſmile,
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Purſued for theſe thro' many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, ſupply
Bright ſuns, or ſoft'ning ſhow'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the ſky?

For

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each bleſſing deſtin'd to our uſe;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
If He the bounty of his hand refuſe.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this ſad truth the bluſhing Muſe betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harveſt lands,
The voice of Riot than the voice of Praiſe.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fall'n the prey of Famine, War, and Time,
And now no ſemblance of their glory bear.

Aſk Paleſtine, proud Aſia's early boaſt,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil;
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coaſt;
Where the glad ſwains that till'd her fertile ſoil:

Aſk, and behold, and mourn her hapleſs fall!
Where roſe fair towns, where toil'd the jocund ſwain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies ſmil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs diſclos'd their varied hues,
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd ſcene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Aſk Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;
Where now the proſpects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elyſian bow'rs,
And ſilver ſtreams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where Freedom's praiſe along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite ſound;
Where Patriot War her awful ſtandard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Perſia pour'd around:

There

There Freedom's praiſe no more the valley chears,
There Patriot War no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor ſage, nor martial chief appears,
But ſtern barbarians rule a land of ſlaves.

Of mighty realms are ſuch the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when mad with pow'r,
They call'd for Vice to revel on their plains;
The monſter doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldſt thou ſhun their mournful fate,
To ſhun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Fair Truth, with dauntleſs eye and aſpect bland;
Sweet Peace, whoſe brow no angry frown deforms;
Soft Charity, with ever-open hand;
And Courage, calm amid ſurrounding ſtorms.

O lovely Train! O haſte to grace our Iſle!
So may the Pow'r who ev'ry bleſſing yields,
Bid on her clime ſereneſt ſeaſons ſmile,
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd fields.

ELEGY IV.

Written at the Approach of WINTER.

THE Sun far ſouthward bends his annual way,
The bleak North-eaſt Wind lays the foreſts bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked ſpray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is ſeen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of ſome rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breaſt on the moſs-grown wall.

Where are the ſprightly proſpects Spring ſupply'd,
The may-flower'd hedges ſcenting every breeze;
The white flocks ſcatt'ring o'er the mountain's ſide,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where

Where is gay Summer's ſportive inſect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-paſturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow ſhade?

Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning mild and ſtill,
What time the ripen'd corn freſh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud ſhouts echo o'er the harveſt fields?

To former ſcenes our fancy thus returns,
To former ſcenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we diſlike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then reſtleſs Fancy flies,
Where Indian ſtreams thro' green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter ſuns and ever tranquil ſkies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let

Let Truth theſe fairer happier lands ſurvey—
There frowning Months deſcend in wat'ry ſtorms;
Or Nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the ſun-burnt plain deforms,

There oft, as toiling in the ſultry fields,
Or homeward paſſing on the ſhadeleſs way,
His joyleſs life the weary lab'rer yields,
And inſtant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature, free from Nature's ſtrife?
Who dreams of conſtant happineſs below?
The hope-fluſh'd ent'rer on the ſtage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchaſtis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by falſe Hope in ſearch of many a joy;
I find in Earth's bleak clime no bleſt abode,
No place, no ſeaſon, ſacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I human life compare;
Not thoſe more fraught with clouds and winds and rains
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate—
Whate'er the ſeaſon or the place poſſeſt,
We ever murmur at our preſent ſtate;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our reſt?

Why elſe, when heard in Ev'ning's ſolemn gloom,
Does the ſad knell, that ſounding o'er the plain
Tolls ſome poor lifeleſs body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breaſt with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reaſon thunders in my ear:
'Thus thou, ere long, muſt join thy kindred clay;
'No more thoſe noſtrils breathe the vital air,
'No more thoſe eyelids open on the day!'—

O Winter,

O Winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
Spread wide thy ſkies in darkeſt horrors dreſt!
Of their dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor aſk an Eden for a tranſient gueſt.

Enough has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heaven ordain'd of uſeful woe,
To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat.

There is, who deems all climes, all ſeaſons fair;
There is, who knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife;
Contentment, ſmiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in Winter many a view to pleaſe;
The morning landſcape fring'd with froſt-work gay,
The ſun at noon ſeen thro' the leafleſs trees,
The clear calm ether at the cloſe of day:

She marks th' advantage ſtorms and clouds beſtow,
When bluſt'ring CAURUS purifies the air;
When moiſt AQUARIUS pours the fleecy ſnow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harveſt bear:

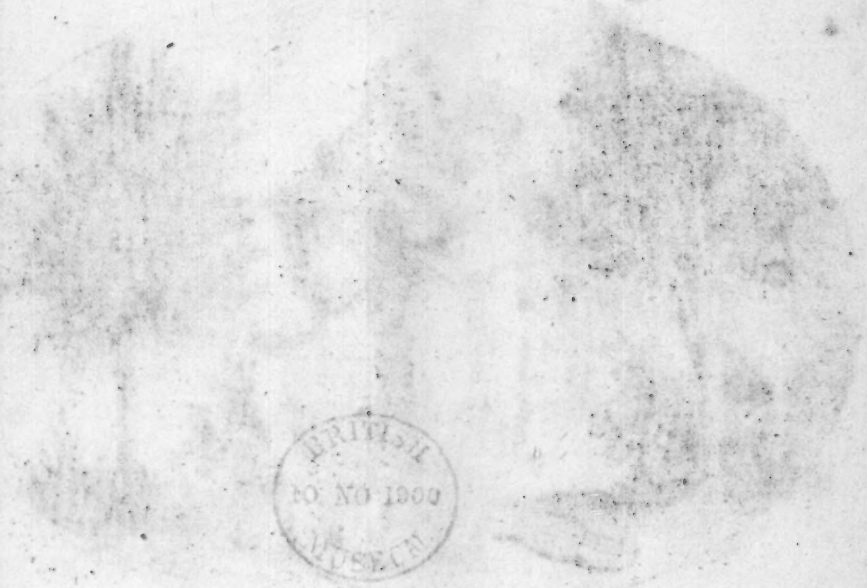
She bids, for all, our grateful praiſe ariſe,
To Him whoſe mandate ſpake the world to form;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's chearful ſkies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's ſounding ſtorm.

ELEGY;

WRITTEN AT

AMWELL IN HERTFORDSHIRE,

MDCCLXVIII.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ELEGY.

Written at AMWELL, 1768.

O Friend! though ſilent thus thy tongue remains,
I read enquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear diſtains,
Why from my boſom burſts the frequent ſigh.

Long from theſe ſcenes detain'd in diſtant fields,
My mournful tale perchance eſcap'd thy ear:
Freſh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's purſuit of wealth and fame,
Thy THERON early from the world retir'd,
Left to the buſy throng each boaſted aim,
Nor aught, ſave peace in ſolitude, deſir'd.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day;
There his lov'd Parents' ſlow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He choſe an humble Virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's faireſt gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal bloſſoms newly blown:

Her hand ſhe gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude impreſt,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accompliſh'd, and with virtue bleſt.

Swift paſs'd the hours; alas, to paſs no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a ſummer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous conſort bore;
The fatal gift forbad the giver's ſtay.

Ere

Ere twice the Sun perform'd his annual round,
In one ſad ſpot where kindred aſhes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, clos'd the ground;
The final home of Man ordain'd to die!

O ceaſe at length, obtruſive Mem'ry! ceaſe,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That ſaw Diſeaſe on her dear life increaſe,
And Med'cine's lenient arts eſſay'd in vain.

O the dread ſcene! (in miſery how ſublime!)
Of Love's vain pray'rs to ſtay her fleeting breath!
Suſpenſe that reſtleſs watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpleſs dumb Deſpair awaiting Death!

O the dread ſcene!—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head;
And took from dying lips the long farewel,
The laſt, laſt parting, ere her ſpirit fled.

'Reſtore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
'In each calm moment all things elſe reſign'd,
'Her looks, her language, ſhow how hard to leave
'The lov'd companion ſhe muſt leave behind.

'Reſtore her, Heaven! for once in mercy ſpare—'
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguiſh interpos'd:
And ſoon Suſpenſe gave place to dumb Deſpair,
And o'er the paſt, Death's ſable curtain clos'd—

In ſilence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wiſh, beneath the ſun remain'd;
Earth, air, and ſkies one diſmal waſte I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror ſtain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O tranſient beauties, blaſted in their prime!
O tranſient glories, ſunk in ſudden night!

Sweet

Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my ſoul admir'd;
That form, with every pleaſing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inſpir'd?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear:
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

Ah ſad, ſad change! (ſad ſource of daily pain)
That ſenſe of loſs ineffable renews;
While my rack'd boſom heaves the ſigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her ſpirit left below,
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal ſtrains,
The ſoul-diſſolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor ſhe alone the tear of Song obtains;
The Muſe of Blagdon*, o'er CONSTANTIA'S tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, ſo lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bleſt;
Both from one cauſe the ſame diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
The ſame ſad hours beheld us both diſtreſt.

O Human Life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide ſorrows circumſcribe thy joy—
A ſunny iſland in a ſtormy main,
A ſpot of azure in a cloudy ſky!

All-gracious Heaven! ſince Man, infatuate Man,
Reſts in thy works, too negligent of thee,
Lays for himſelf on earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or diſtant views mortality;

* See Verſes written at Sandgate Caſtle, in memory of a Lady, by the late ingenious Dr. Langhorne.

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the ſoul,
To rouſe us ling'ring on earth's flowery plain,
To Virtue's path our wand'rings to controul,
Affliction frowning comes, thy miniſter of pain!

AMWELL:

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

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J. Feary del. W. Watts sculp.

NW View of Amwell from London Road.

AMWELL:

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond deſire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleaſure to extend to thoſe
Of kindred taſte; and thence th' inchanting arts
Of Picture and of Song, the ſemblance fair
Of Nature's forms produce. This fond deſire

Prompts me to ſing the lonely ſylvan ſcenes
Of AMWELL; which, ſo oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my ſoul; and often, ſtill,
On life's calm moments ſhed ſerener joy.

Deſcriptive Muſe! whoſe hand along the ſtream
Of ancient Thames, thro' Richmond's ſhady groves,
And Sheen's fair vallies, once thy THOMSON led*;
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody dales,
And ſunny landſcapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard†; thou, who ſo late,
In bowers by Clent's wild peaks‡, to SHENSTONE's ear
Didſt bring ſweet ſtrains of rural melody,
(Alas no longer heard!)—vouchſafe thine aid;

* THOMSON, Author of the Seaſons, reſided part of his life near Richmond.

† DYER, Author of Grongar Hill; The Ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.

‡ The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley-park, and are not far diſtant from the Leaſowes.

From

From all our rich varieties of view,
What beſt may pleaſe, aſſiſt me to ſelect,
With art diſpoſe, with energy deſcribe,
And its full image on the mind impreſs.

And ye, who e'er in theſe delightful fields
Conſum'd with me the ſocial hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest ſpots,
And on their faireſt objects fix'd your ſight;
Accept this verſe, which may to memory call
That ſocial hour, and ſweetly varied walk!

And Thou, by ſtrong connubial union mine;
Mine, by the ſtronger union of the heart;
In whom the loſs of parents and of friends,
And Her, the firſt fair partner of my joys,
All recompens'd I find; whoſe preſence chears
The ſoft domeſtic ſcene; MARIA, come!
The Country calls us forth; blithe Summer's hand

Sheds ſweeteſt flowers, and Morning's brighteſt ſmile
Illumines earth and air; MARIA, come!
By winding pathways thro' the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that proſpect yields,
Not vaſt and awful, but confin'd and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main;
Not the throng'd city and the buſy port;
But pleaſant interchange of ſoft aſcent,
And level plain, and growth of ſhady woods,
And twining courſe of rivers clear, and ſight
Of rural towns and rural cots, whoſe roofs
Riſe ſcattering round, and animate the whole.

Far tow'rds the weſt, cloſe under ſheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean ſtream,
Hertford's grey towers* aſcend; the rude remains

* In the beginning of the Heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national ſynod, was held, Sept. 24th, 673. *Chauncy's Hertfordſhire*, p. 237.

Of

Of high antiquity, from waſte eſcap'd
Of envious Time, and violence of War.
For War there once, ſo tells th' hiſtoric page,
Led Deſolation's ſteps: the hardy Dane,
By Avarice lur'd, o'er Ocean's ſtormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite ſeat,
There fix'd awhile; and there his caſtles rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
With idle ſails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and ſtreamers gay
Triumphant fluttering on the paſſing winds.
In fear, the ſhepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his ſcanty flock; the ploughman turn'd,
In fear, his haſty furrow: oft the din
Of hoſtile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
Of plunder'd towns thro' night's thick gloom from far
Gleam'd diſmal on the ſight: till ALFRED came,
Till ALFRED, father of his people, came,

Lee's

Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left a-ground the Danian fleet, and forc'd
The foe to ſpeedy flight*. Then Freedom's voice
Reviv'd the drooping ſwain; then Plenty's hand
Recloth'd the deſart fields, and Peace and Love
Sat ſmiling by; as now they ſmiling ſit,
Obvious to Fancy's eye, upon the ſide
Of yon bright ſunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengeo's villas riſe, and Ware-park's lawns
Spread their green ſurface, interſpers'd with groves
Of broad umbrageous oak, and ſpiry pine,
Tall elm, and linden pale, and bloſſom'd thorn,

* Towards the latter end of the year 879, the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the ſecurity of their ſhips, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulſed. But Alfred advancing with his army, and viewing the nature of their ſituation, turned the courſe of the ſtream, ſo that their veſſels were left on dry ground; a circumſtance which terrified them to ſuch a degree, that they abandoned their forts, and, flying towards the Severn, were purſued by Alfred as far as Quatbridge. *Smollet's Hiſt. of England*, 8vo *Edition*, vol. i. p. 182.

Breathing

Breathing mild fragrance, like the ſpicy gales
Of Indian iſlands. On the ample brow,
Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front
Half hid with gloſſy foliage, many a chief
Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
Renown'd for ſong, have paſs'd the rural hour.
The gentle FANSHAW* there, from "noiſe of camps,
"From courts diſeaſe retir'd†," delighted view'd
The gaudy garden fam'd in WOTTON's page‡;

* Sir RICHARD FANSHAW, tranſlator of Guarini's Paſtor Fido, the Luſiad of Camoens, &c. He was ſon of Sir Henry Fanſhaw of Ware-Park, and is ſaid to have reſided much there. He was ambaſſador to Portugal, and afterwards to Spain, and died at Madrid in 1666. His body was brought to England and interred in Ware church, where his monument is ſtill exiſting. In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, it is erroneouſly aſſerted that he was buried in All-Saints church, Hertford.

† The words marked with inverted commas are part of a ſtanza of Fanſhaw's.

‡ See Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, where the author makes a particular mention of the garden of Sir Henry Fanſhaw at Ware-park, "as a delicate and diligent curioſity," remarkable for the nice arrangement of its flowers.

Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat muſing, and from ſmooth Italian ſtrains
The ſoft GUARINI's amorous lore transfus'd
Into rude Britiſh verſe. The warrior's arm
Now reſts from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
In ſilence lies; frail Man his lov'd domains
Soon quits for ever! they themſelves, by courſe
Of Nature often, or caprice of Art,
Experience change: even here, 'tis ſaid of old
Steep rocky cliffs roſe where yon gentle ſlopes
Mix with the vale; and fluctuating waves
Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden flowers
Shines; and where yonder winding chryſtal rill
Slides thro' its ſmooth ſhorn margin, to the brink
Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
To London's plains, the Cambrian artiſt brought
His ample aqueduct*; ſuppos'd a work

* The New River brought from Chadwell, a ſpring in the meadows between Hertford and Ware, by Sir HUGH MIDDLETON, a native of Wales.

Of

Of matchleſs ſkill, by thoſe who ne'er had heard
How, from Preneſte's heights and Anio's banks,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls,
On marble arches came the limpid ſtore,
And out of jaſper rocks in bright caſcades
With never-ceaſing murmur guſh'd; or how,
To Luſitanian Ulyſippo's towers*,
The ſilver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll thro' Heaven: to theſe
Not ſordid lucre, but the honeſt wiſh
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Exiſtence gave; and unconfin'd, as dew
Falls from the hand of Evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary ſtream,
No grandeur boaſting, here obſcurely glides
O'er graſſy lawns or under willow ſhades.
As, thro' the human form, arterial tubes

* The ancient name of Liſbon.

Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating ſanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled ſtreets
Tranſmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, meanwhile,
Beneath his moſſy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, ſurveys
With eye indignant his diminiſh'd tide *
That laves yon ancient priory's wall †, and ſhows
In its clear mirrour Ware's inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to Fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the paſt, the Muſe

* A conſiderable part of the New River water is derived from the Lee, to the diſadvantage of the navigation on that ſtream.

† "About the 18th of Henry III. Margaret, Counteſs of "Leiceſter, and Lady of the Manor, founded a priory for friers "in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the "ſame to St. Francis." *Chauncy's Hertfordſhire.*

Bids

Bids Fancy's pencil paint the ſcene, where they
In gilded barges on the glaſſy ſtream
Circled the reedy iſles, the ſportive dance
Along the ſmooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd converſing, or reclin'd at eaſe
To harmony of lutes and voices ſweet
Reſign'd the enchanted ear; till ſudden heard
The ſilver trumpet's animating ſound
Summon'd the champions forth; on ſtately ſteeds,
In ſplendid armour clad, the ponderous lance
With ſtrenuous hand ſuſtaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions roſe upon the plain,
Or azure awnings ſtretch'd from tree to tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic ſky
Of grateful ſhade (as oft in Agra's ſtreets
The ſilken canopy from ſide to ſide
Extends to break the ſun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs paſs beneath); there ſat the Fair,
A glittering train on coſtly carpets rang'd,

A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The penſive languiſh, and the ſprightly air,
The engaging ſmile, and all the nameleſs charms
Which tranſient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in th' expreſſive eye, th' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
Nor this aught ſtrange, that thoſe whom love inſpir'd
Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely ſex to pleaſe:
This ſtrange, indeed, how cuſtom thus could teach
The tender breaſt complacence in the ſight
Of barb'rous ſport, where friend from hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to falſe glory; as that day
Fell gallant PEMBROKE, while his pompous ſhow
Ended in ſilent gloom*. One pitying tear

To

* "In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of June, Gilbert
"Marſhall, Earl of Pembroke, a potent Peer of the Realm,
"proclaimed here [at Ware] a diſport of running on horſeback
"with

To human frailty paid; my roving ſight
Purſues its pleaſing courſe o'er neighb'ring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows interſect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with graſs, or dark
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's mount
With that fair creſcent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boaſt; and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep ſequeſter'd dale
Of Langley*, down whoſe flow'r-embroider'd meads

" with lances, which was then called a tournament." *Chauncy's Hiſt. of Hertfordſhire.*

" At this tournament, the ſaid Gilbert was ſlain by a fall " from his horſe; Robert de Say, one of his knights, was " killed, and ſeveral others wounded." *Smollet's Hiſt. of England.*

* This delightful retreat, commonly called Langley-bottom, is ſituated about half a mile from Ware, and the ſame diſtance from Amwell. The ſcene is adapted to contemplation, and poſſeſſes ſuch capabilities of improvement, that the genius of a Shenſtone might eaſily convert it to a ſecond Leaſowes. The tranſition from this ſolitude to Widbury-Hill, is made in a walk of a few minutes, and the proſpect from that hill, in a fine evening, is beautiful beyond deſcription.

Swift Aſh thro' pebbly ſhores meandering rolls;
Elyſian ſcene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whoſe wanderings trace thy winding length, appears
No mark, ſave one white ſolitary ſpire
At diſtance riſing thro' the tufted trees—
Elyſian ſcene! recluſe as that, ſo fam'd
For ſolitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the moſſy cliff
Victorious Guy, ſo legends ſay, reclin'd
His hoary head beſide the ſilver ſtream,
In meditation rapt——Elyſian ſcene!
At evening often, while the ſetting ſun
On the green ſummit of thy eaſtern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice
Of Zephyr whiſpering midſt the ruſtling leaves,
The ſound of water murmuring thro' the ſedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and muſic ſoft
Of diſtant bells, whoſe ever varying notes

In

In ſlow ſad meaſure mov'd, combin'd to ſooth
The ſoul to ſweet ſolemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickeſt gloom,
Much on the imperfect ſtate of Man I have mus'd:
How Pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthleſs extends; how Pleaſure from the path
Of Innocence allures his ſteps; how Hope
Directs his eye to diſtant Joy, that flies
His fond purſuit; how Fear his ſhuddering heart
Alarms with fancy'd ill; how Doubt and Care
Perplex his thought; how ſoon the tender roſe
Of Beauty fades, the ſturdy oak of Strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern Time triumphant ſtands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has Memory paſs'd,
And mourn'd the loſs of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, DE HORNE, kind, generous, wiſe, and good!
And thee, my TURNER, who in vacant youth,
Here oft in converſe free, or ſtudious ſearch

Of

Of claſſic lore, accompanied my walk!
From Ware's green bowers, to Devon's myrtle vales,
Remov'd a while, with proſpect opening fair
Of uſeful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blaſting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breaſt,
Aching with recent wounds*, new anguiſh wak'd.
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
That grief in ſoft forgetfulneſs to loſe,
I have left the gloom for gayer ſcenes, and ſought
Thro' winding paths of venerable ſhade,
The airy brow where that tall ſpreading beech
O'er-tops ſurrounding groves, up rocky ſteeps,
Tree over tree diſpos'd; or ſtretching far
Their ſhadowy coverts down th' indented ſide
Of fair corn-fields; or pierc'd with ſunny glades,
That yield the caſual glimpſe of flowery meads
And ſhining ſilver rills; on theſe the eye

* See Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 49.

Then wont to expatiate pleas'd; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn ſpread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glitt'ring ſpires that riſe
In miſty air on Thames's crowded ſhores.

How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of theſe ſweet paſtoral landſcapes! fair, perhaps,
As thoſe renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel ſeen; or thoſe, the pride of Greece,
Tempè or Arcady; or thoſe that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the ſkirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's iſle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard
The Muſe's lofty lay.——How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills
Bounding ſmooth vales, ſmooth vales by winding ſtreams
Divided, that here glide thro' graſſy banks

In

In open ſun, there wander under ſhade
Of aſpen tall, or ancient elm, whoſe boughs
O'erhang grey caſtles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy ſhepherd ſwains.
Delightful habitations! with the ſong
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland paſtures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the ruſhy mead, and mingled ſounds
Of falling waters and of whiſp'ring winds—
Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Diſpers'd around, from Waltham's oſier'd iſles
To where bleak Naſing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleaſant groves
And Hunſdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodſdon's airy ſtreet;
From Haly's woodland to the flow'ry meads
Of willow-ſhaded Stanſted, and the ſlope
Of AMWELL's Mount, that crown'd with yellow corn
There from the green flat, ſoftly ſwelling, ſhows

Like

Like ſome bright vernal cloud by Zephyr's breath
Juſt rais'd above the horizon's azure bound.

As one long travell'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, ſtill his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the proſpect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On AMWELL reſts at laſt, its favourite ſcene!
How pictureſque the view! where up the ſide
Of that ſteep bank, her roofs of ruſſet thatch
Riſe mix'd with trees, above whoſe ſwelling tops
Aſcends the tall church tow'r, and loftier ſtill
The hill's extended ridge. How pictureſque!
Where flow beneath that bank the ſilver ſtream
Glides by the flowery iſle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of oſier intermix'd. How pictureſque
The ſlender group of airy elm, the clump

Of

Of pollard oak, or aſh, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The hayſtack's duſky cone, the moſs-grown ſhed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-ſhaded cot,
Whoſe white-waſh'd gable prominent thro' green
Of waving branches ſhows, perchance inſcrib'd
With ſome paſt owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With ruſtic dial, that ſcarcely ſerves to mark
Time's ceaſeleſs flight; the wall with mantling vines
O'erſpread, the porch with climbing woodbine wreath'd,
And under ſheltering eves the ſunny bench
Where brown hives range, whoſe buſy tenants fill,
With drowſy hum, the little garden gay,
Whence blooming beans, and ſpicy herbs, and flowers,
Exhale around a rich perfume! Here reſts
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharneſs'd, here the ſteed,

Short

Short eaſe enjoying, crops the daiſied lawn;
Here bleats the nurſling lamb, the heifer there
Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-houſe ſtands (ſo once ſtood thine,
Deſerted Auburn! in immortal ſong
Conſign'd to Fame*), the cottage ſire recounts
The praiſe he earn'd, when croſs the field he drew
The ſtraighteſt furrow, or neateſt built the rick,
Or led the reaper band in ſultry noons
With unabating ſtrength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beſide her door,
The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the ſtyle
Leaning with downcaſt look, the artleſs tale
Of evening courtſhip hears. The ſportive troop

* See The Deſerted Village, a beautiful poem, by the late Dr. Goldſmith.

Of

Of cottage children on the graſſy waſte
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or ruſtic notes
Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while near
The careful ſhepherd's frequent-falling ſtrokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.

Such rural life! ſo calm, it little yields
Of intereſting act, to ſwell the page
Of hiſtory or ſong; yet much the ſoul
Its ſweet ſimplicity delights, and oft
From noiſe of buſy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muſe's ſons have fled to find repoſe.
Fam'd WALTON*, erſt, the ingenious fiſher ſwain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lee's ſhore,

* ISAAC WALTON, author of The Complete Angler, an ingenious biographer, and no deſpicable poet. The ſcene of his Anglers' Dialogues, is the Vale of Lee, between Tottenham and Ware; it ſeems to have been a place he much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell-hill.

Beneath

Beneath ſome green tree oft his angle laid,
His ſport ſuſpending to admire their charms.
He, who in verſe his Country's ſtory told*,
Here

* WILLIAM WARNER, author of Albion's England, an Hiſtorical Poem; an epiſode of which, intitled Argentile and Curan, has been frequently reprinted, and is much admired by the lovers of old Engliſh Poetry. The ingenious Dr. PERCY, who has inſerted this piece in his Collection, obſerves that, "though Warner's name is ſo ſeldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenſer, and called them "the Homer and Virgil of their age;" that "Warner was "ſaid to have been a Warwickſhire man, and to have been "educated at Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his "life, he was retained in the ſervice of Henry Cary, Lord "Hunſdon, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that more of "his hiſtory is not known." Mrs. COOPER, in her Muſes' Library, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, "What "were the circumſtances and accidents of his life, we have "hardly light enough to conjecture; any more than, by his "dedication, it appears he was in the ſervice of the Lord "Hunſdon, and acknowledges very gratefully both father and "ſon for his patrons and benefactors."—By the following extract from the Pariſh Regiſter of Amwell, it may be reaſonably concluded, that Warner reſided for ſome time at that village; and, as his profeſſion of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependence he might have on Lord Hunſdon, it could not be in the capacity of a menial

Here dwelt awhile; perchance here ſketch'd the ſcene,
Where his fair ARGENTILE, from crowded courts
For pride ſelf-baniſh'd, in ſequeſter'd ſhades
Sojourn'd diſguis'd, and met the ſlighted youth
Who long had ſought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by Fame forgotten; (fickle Fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his ſide
Sleeps gentle HASSAL*, who with tendereſt care

Here

ſervant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconſiderable; his Argentile and Curan has many beauties; but it has alſo the faults common to the compoſitions of his age, eſpecially a moſt diſguſting indelicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion.

"Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honeſt "reputation, by his profeſſion an Atturney at the Common "Please, Author of Albion's England; dying ſoddenly in the "night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or ſick-"neſse, on Thurſday night beeing the 9th of March, was bu-"ried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the "upper end, under the ſtone of Gwalter Fader."

Pariſh Regiſter of Amwell, 1608-9.

* THOMAS HASSAL, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-mentioned Pariſh Regiſter with uncommon care and preciſion, enriching

Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
Their hands oft join'd; oft heard, and oft reliev'd
Their little wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urg'd

enriching it with many entertaining anecdotes of the parties regiſtered. He performed his duty in the moſt hazardous circumſtances, it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his reſidence there; in 1603 when 26 perſons, and in 1625 when 22 perſons died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The character here given of him muſt be allowed, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be imaginary; but his compoſition, in the ſaid regiſter, appeared to me to breathe ſuch a ſpirit of piety, ſimplicity, and benevolence, that I almoſt think myſelf authoriſed to aſſert that it was his real one. He himſelf is regiſtered by his ſon Edmund Haſſal, as follows:

"Thomas Haſſal, Vicar of this pariſh, where he had continued reſident 57 years 7 months and 16 days, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles, departed this life September 24th, Thurſday, and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body was laid in the chancel of this church, under the prieſts or marble ſtone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit poſt te ſimilis. *Edmund Haſſal.*"

Regiſter of Amwell, 1657.

Eliſabeth Haſſal, wife of the ſaid Thomas Haſſal, died about the ſame time, aged 78 years 8 months, married 46 years and 4 months.

Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
Dropt on their graves the tear, to early worth
Or ancient friendſhip due. In dangerous days,
When Death's fell Fury, pale-eyed Peſtilence,
Glar'd horror round, his duty he diſcharg'd
Unterrified, unhurt; and here, at length,
Clos'd his calm inoffenſive uſeful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful conſort clos'd; on earth's cold breaſt
Both ſunk to reſt together.——On the turf,
Whence Time's rude graſp has torn their ruſtic tombs,
I ſtrew freſh flowers, and make a moment's pauſe
Of ſolemn thought; then ſeek th' adjacent ſpot,
From which, thro' theſe broad lindens' verdant arch,
The ſteeple's Gothic wall and window dim
In perſpective appear; then homeward turn
By where the Muſe, enamour'd of our ſhades,
Deigns ſtill her favouring preſence; where my friend,

The Britiſh Tasso*, oft from buſy ſcenes
To rural calm and letter'd eaſe retires.

As ſome fond lover leaves his favourite nymph,
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging; on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top
Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious ſteep,
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beſide Euphrates' bank; then, on the left,
Down to thoſe ſhaded cots, and bright expanſe
Of water ſoftly ſliding by: once, where
That bright expanſe of water ſoftly ſlides,
O'erhung with ſhrubs that fring'd the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps ſome fainted maid,

* Mr. Hoole, Tranſlator of Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered.

For holy life rever'd; to ſuch, erewhile,
Fond Superſtition many a pleaſant grove,
And limpid ſpring, was wont to conſecrate.
Of EMMA's ſtory nought Tradition ſpeaks;
Conjecture, who, behind Oblivion's veil,
Along the doubtful paſt delights to ſtray,
Boaſts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation*.——Thou, ſweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, ſweet fields, where Plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and Health propitious deigns
Her chearing ſmile! you not the parching air
Of arid ſands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy; Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,

* In Doomſday-book, this village of Amwell is written Emmevelle, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened, there was a ſpring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other ſource of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelar Saint, St. Chad, who ſeems to have given name to ſprings and wells in different parts of England.

Wafts balmy redolence; robuſt and gay
Your ſwains induſtrious iſſue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries ſtore
Its generous produce: annual ye reſound
The ploughman's ſong, as he thro' reeking ſoil
Guides ſlow his ſhining ſhare; ye annual hear
The ſhouts of harveſt, and the prattling train
Of chearful gleaners:—and th' alternate ſtrokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid Morn in dark November wake.
But, happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for theſe, or aught
Beſide, wiſh I, in hyperbolic ſtrains
Of vain applauſe, to elevate your fame
Above all other ſcenes; for ſcenes as fair
Have charm'd my ſight, but tranſient was the view:
You, thro' all ſeaſons, in each varied hour
For obſervation happieſt, oft my ſteps
Have travers'd o'er; oft Fancy's eye has ſeen

Gay Spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake freſh flowers at morn; and Summer ſpread
His liſtleſs limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of ſmooth tranſlucent pools, where willows green
Gave ſhade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
Brought odour exquiſite; oft Fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The laſt ſad ſigh of Autumn, when his throne
To Winter he reſign'd; oft Fancy's thought,
In extaſy, where from the golden eaſt,
Or dazzling ſouth, or crimſon weſt, the Sun
A different luſtre o'er the landſcape threw,
Some Paradiſe has form'd, the bliſsful ſeat
Of Innocence and Beauty! while I wiſh'd
The ſkill of CLAUDE, or RUBENS, or of Him
Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that breathe
Enthuſiaſm ſublime, the Siſter Nymphs *

* Painting and Poetry.

Inſpire;

Inſpire †; that, to the idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment ſtrong
Springs from delight beſtow'd; to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praiſe!

† Mr. GEORGE SMITH of Chicheſter, a juſtly celebrated Landſcape Painter, and alſo a Poet. Lavant is the name of the river at Chicheſter, which city gave birth to the ſublime COLLINS.

BRITISH
10 NO 1900
MUSEUM

AMOEBAEAN

ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Much of the Rural Imagery which our Country affords, has already been introduced in Poetry; but many obvious and pleaſing appearances ſeem to have totally eſcaped notice. To deſcribe theſe, is the buſineſs of the following Eclogues. The plan of the CARMEN AMOEBAEUM, or Reſponſive Verſe of the Antients, inconſiſtent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occaſion, as admitting an arbitrary and deſultory diſpoſition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preſerve a regular connection.

ECLOGUE I.

RURAL SCENERY; or, The DESCRIBERS.

DECEMBER's froſt had bound the fields and ſtreams,
And Noon's bright ſun effus'd its chearful beams:
Where woodland, northward, ſcreen'd a pleaſant plain,
And on dry fern-banks brouz'd the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural ſcenes could pleaſe,
Both ſkill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with eaſe,
Charm'd with the proſpect, ſlowly ſtray'd along,
Themſelves amuſing with alternate ſong.

FIRST.

FIRST.

Theſe pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
Theſe hardy hornbeams yet unſtripp'd remain;
The wintry groves all elſe admit the view
Thro' naked ſtems of many a varied hue.

SECOND.

Yon ſhrubby ſlopes a pleaſing mixture ſhow;
There the rough elm and ſmooth white privet grow,
Straight ſhoots of aſh with bark of gloſſy grey,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's ruſſet ſpray.

FIRST.

Theſe ſtony ſteeps with ſpreading moſs abound,
Grey on the trees, and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion * ſpreads its cluſt'ring leaves.

SECOND.

* Mezerion, Laureola Sempervirens: *vulg.* Spurge-Laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its ſmooth ſhining leaves are placed on the top of the ſtems in

SECOND.

Old oaken ſtubs tough ſaplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plaſhes yield the knotty thorn;
The ſwain for different uſes theſe avail,
And form the traveller's ſtaff, the threſher's flail.

FIRST.

Where yon brown hazels pendent catkins bear,
And prickly furze unfolds its bloſſoms fair,
The vagrant artiſt oft at eaſe reclines,
And broom's green ſhoots in beſoms neat combines.

SECOND.

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
There his keen bill the buſy workman plies,
And bids in heaps his well-bound faggots riſe.

in circular tufts or cluſters. Its flowers are ſmall, of a light green, and perfume the air at a diſtance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild ſeaſons and warm ſituations. The common deciduous Mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another ſpecies of this genus.

FIRST.

FIRST.

Soon ſhall kind Spring her flowery gifts beſtow;
On ſunny banks when ſilver ſnowdrops blow;
And tufts of primroſe all around are ſpread;
And purple violets all their fragrance ſhed.

SECOND.

The woods then white anemonies array;
And lofty ſallows their ſweet bloom diſplay;
And ſpicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
And crowfoot clothes the mead with ſhining gold.

FIRST.

Then ſoon gay Summer brings his gaudy train,
His crimſon poppies deck the corn-clad plain;
There ſcabious blue *, and purple knapweed † riſe;
And weld ‡ and yarrow ſhow their various dyes.

* Scabious: Scabioſa Vulgaris. † Knapweed: Jacea Vulgaris. ‡ Weld: Luteola Vulgaris, or Dyers' Weed. ——Theſe plants, with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent on the balks, or ridges, which ſeparate different kinds of corn in our common fields.

SECOND.

SECOND.

In ſhady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
And golden ſpikes the downy mulleins rear *;
Th' incloſure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
And branchy ſuccory crowds the pathway ſide.

FIRST.

Th' autumnal fields few pleaſing plants ſupply,
Save where pale eyebright grows in paſtures dry,
Or vervain blue, for magic rites renown'd,
And in the village precincts only found †.

* The Digitalis, or Foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are ſeveral varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The Mullein is not inferior in beauty, conſequently merits equal notice.

† It is a vulgar opinion, that Vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile diſtant from a houſe.—Vide Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article Verbena.

SECOND.

Th' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
Save where wild climbers ſpread their ſilvery down*,
And rugged blackthorns bend with purple ſloes,
And the green ſkewerwood ſeeds of ſcarlet ſhows†.

FIRST.

When healthful ſallads crown the board in ſpring,
And nymphs green parſley from the gardens bring,
Mark well leſt hemlock mix its poiſonous leaves—
Their ſemblance oft th' incautious eye deceives.

* Wild Climbers: Clematis, Viorna, or, Traveller's Joy. The white downy ſeeds of this plant make a very conſpicuous figure on our hedges in autumn.

† Skewerwood: Evonymus; or, Spindle-tree. The twigs of this ſhrub are of a fine green; the capſules, or ſeed-veſſels, of a fine purple; and the ſeeds of a rich ſcarlet. In autumn, when the capſules open and ſhew the ſeeds, the plant has a moſt beautiful appearance.

SECOND.

SECOND.

Warn, O ye Shepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet waſtes, beſide the public way;
There oft rank ſoils pernicious plants produce,
There nightſhade's berry ſwells with deadly juice.

FIRST.

What varied ſcenes this pleaſant country yields,
Form'd by th' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the ſhady road,
My dwelling ſtands—a ſweet recluſe abode!
And o'er my darken'd caſement intertwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

SECOND.

How different ſcenes our different taſtes delight!
Some ſeek the hills, and ſome the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moiſt margin hazels meet,
Stands my lone home—a pleaſant, cool retreat!

Gay looſeſtrife there and pale valerian ſpring *,
And tuneful reed-birds midſt the ſedges ſing.

FIRST.

Before my door the box-edg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tanſy riſe;
Along my wall the yellow ſtonecrop grows,
And the red houſeleek on my brown thatch blows.

SECOND.

Among green oſiers winds my ſtream away,
Where the blue halcyon ſkims from ſpray to ſpray,
Where waves the bulruſh as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flow'rs deck the ſunny ſide.

* Looſeſtrife: Lyſimachia Lutea Vulgaris. Dr. Hill obſerves, that it is ſo beautiful a plant, in its erect ſtature, regular growth, and elegant flowers, that it is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moiſt places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour.

FIRST.

Spread o'er the ſlope of yon ſteep weſtern hill,
My fruitful orchard ſhelters all the vill;
There pear-trees tall their tops aſpiring ſhow,
And apple-boughs their branches mix below.

SECOND.

Eaſt from my cottage ſtretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows riſe, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof and circling wheels are ſeen.

FIRST.

PALEMON's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
With flow'rs of white, or fruit of crimſon, crown'd;
There vernal lilacs ſhow their purple bloom,
And ſweet ſyringas all the air perfume;
The fruitful mulberry ſpreads its umbrage cool,
And the rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

SECOND.

ALBINO's fence green currants hide from view,
With bunches hung of red or amber hue;
Beſide his arbour blows the jaſmine fair,
And ſcarlet beans their gaudy bloſſoms bear;
The lofty hollyhock there its ſpike diſplays,
And the broad ſunflow'r ſhows its golden rays.

FIRST.

Where moſs-grown pales a ſunny ſpot inclos'd,
And pinks and lilies all their hues expos'd,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines enwreath'd,
The morning breeze the charming SYLVIA breath'd:
Not pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And, O how ſoft the languiſh of her eye!
I ſaw and lov'd; but lov'd, alas, in vain!
She check'd my paſſion with ſevere diſdain.

SECOND.

SECOND.

When o'er the meads with vernal verdure gay
The village children wont at eve to ſtray,
I pluck'd freſh flowrets from the graſſy ground,
And their green ſtalks with bending ruſhes bound;
My wreaths, my noſegays, then my DELIA dreſt,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her breaſt.
Young as I was, the pleaſing thought was mine,
One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!

FIRST.

Beſide his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old THYRSIS' well-known ſeat I vacant ſee;
There, while his prattling offſpring round him play'd,
He oft to pleaſe them toys of oſiers made:
That ſeat his weight ſhall never more ſuſtain,
That offſpring round him ne'er ſhall ſport again.

SECOND.

Yon lone church tow'r that overlooks the hills!—
The ſight my ſoul full oft with ſorrow fills:
There DAMON lies;—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown, by night he vent'rous tried:
In vain he ſtruggled with the foaming wave;
No friendly arm, alas, was near to ſave!

FIRST.

Ceaſe, friend! and, homeward as we bend our way,
Remark the beauties of the cloſing day;
See, tow'rds the weſt, the redd'ning Sun declines,
And o'er the fields his level luſtre ſhines.

SECOND.

How that bright landſcape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the diſtant windows blaze!
And the gilt vane, high on the ſteeple ſpire,
Glows in the air—a dazzling ſpot of fire!

FIRST.

FIRST.

Behind yon hill he now forſakes our ſight,
And yon tall beeches catch his lateſt light;
The hamlet ſmokes in amber wreaths ariſe;
White miſt, like water, on the valley lies.

SECOND.

Where yon chalk cliffs th' horizon eaſtward bound,
And ſpreading elms the ancient hall ſurround,
The moon's bright orb ariſes from the main,
And Night in ſilence holds her ſolemn reign.

ECLOGUE II.

RURAL BUSINESS; or, The AGRICULTURISTS.

MAY's lib'ral hand her fragrant bloom diſclos'd,
And herds and flocks on graſſy banks repos'd;
Soft Evening gave to eaſe the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bow'r.
Where near the village roſe the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leav'd aſpins trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural Bards, the village youth among,
The pleaſing lore of rural buſineſs ſung.

FIRST.

The care of farms we ſing—attend the ſtrain—
What ſkill, what toil, ſhall beſt procure you gain;

How different culture different ground requires;
While Wealth rewards whom Induſtry inſpires.

SECOND.

When thy light land on ſcorching gravel lies,
And to the ſpringing blade ſupport denies;
Fix on the wintry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl or untried mould.

THIRD.

If thy ſtrong loam ſuperfluous wet retain,
Lead thro' thy fields the ſubterraneous drain,
And o'er the ſurface mellowing ſtores expand
Of fiery lime, or incoherent ſand.

FIRST.

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waſte,
The ample dunghill's ſteaming heap be plac'd;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy ſlow team diſperſe it o'er the plain.

SECOND.

SECOND.

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row ſides;
For him their mud the ſtagnant ponds ſupply;
For him their ſoil, the ſtable and the ſty.

THIRD.

For this the ſwain, on Kennet's winding ſhore,
Digs ſulphurous peat along the ſable moor;
For this, where Ocean bounds the ſtormy ſtrand,
They fetch dank ſea-weed to the neighb'ring land.

FIRST.

Who barren heaths to tillage means to turn,
Muſt, ere he plough, the greenſward pare and burn;
Where riſe the ſmoking hillocks o'er the field,
The ſaline aſhes uſeful compoſt yield.

SECOND.

Where ſedge or ruſhes riſe on ſpongy ſoils,
Or rampant moſs th' impoveriſh'd herbage ſpoils,

Corroſive

Corroſive ſoot with liberal hand beſtow;
Th' improving paſture ſoon its uſe will ſhow.

THIRD.

Hertfordian ſwains on airy hills explore
The chalk's white vein, a fertilizing ſtore;
This, from deep pits in copious baſkets drawn,
Amends alike the arable and lawn.

FIRST.

Who ſpends too oft in indolence the day,
Soon ſees his farm his baſe neglect betray;
His uſeleſs hedge-greens docks and nettles bear,
And the tough cammock clogs his ſhining ſhare*.

SECOND.

Thy weedy fallows let the plough pervade,
Till on the top th' inverted roots are laid;

* Cammock: Ononis, or Reſtharrow. The roots of this troubleſome plant are ſo ſtrong, that it is credibly aſſerted they will ſtop a plough drawn by ſeveral horſes.

There

There left to wither in the noon-tide ray,
Or by the ſpiky harrow clear'd away.

THIRD.

When wheat's green ſtem the ridge begins to hide,
Let the ſharp weedhook's frequent aid be tried,
Leſt thy ſpoil'd crop at harveſt thou bemoan,
With twitch and twining bindweed overgrown.

FIRST.

Much will rank melilot thy grain diſgrace,
And darnel, felleſt of the weedy race:
T' extirpate theſe might care or coſt avail,
T' extirpate theſe nor care nor coſt ſhould fail.

SECOND.

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills,
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen ſickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands.

THIRD.

THIRD.

Wield oft thy ſcythe along the graſſy layes,
Ere the rude thiſtle its light down diſplays;
Elſe that light down upon the breeze will fly,
And a new ſtore of noxious plants ſupply.

FIRST.

Would ye from tillage ample gains receive,
With change of crops th' exhauſted ſoil relieve;
Next purple clover let brown wheat be ſeen,
And bearded barley after turnips green.

SECOND.

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches ſpread,
There buckwheat's white flow'r faintly ting'd with red;
Bid here potatoes deep green ſtems be born,
And yellow cole th' incloſure there adorn.

THIRD.

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans aſcend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend;

There

There reſt thy glebe, left fallow not in vain,
To feel the ſummer's ſun and winter's rain.

FIRST.

The ſkill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their ſoil;
The ſpiky ſaintfoin beſt on chalk ſucceeds,
The lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

SECOND.

Beſt on looſe ſands, where brakes and briars once roſe,
Its deep-fring'd leaves the yellow carrot ſhows;
Beſt on ſtiff loam rough teaſels* rear their heads,
And brown coriander's odorous umbel ſpreads.

THIRD.

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding paſturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom diſcloſe,
Or ſpiry pines a gloomy grove compoſe.

* Teaſel: Dipſacus Sativus. This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the uſe of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Eſſex; where the Coriander is alſo grown.

FIRST.

FIRST.

On ruſhy marſhes, rank with watry weeds,
Clothe the clear'd ſoil with groves of waving reeds;
Of them the gard'ner annual fences forms,
To ſhield his tender plants from vernal ſtorms.

SECOND.

Cantabrian hills the purple ſaffron ſhow;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains, green hop-grounds ſcent the gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales*.

THIRD.

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Suſſex lies;
Her ſmooth green downs ſublime from Ocean riſe:
That, fitteſt ſoil ſupplies for growth of grain;
Theſe, yield beſt paſture for the fleecy train.

* There is a part of Herefordſhire, from its extraordinary fertility and pleaſantneſs, uſually denominated The Golden Vale.

FIRST.

Say, friends! whoe'er his reſidence might chuſe,
Would theſe ſweet ſcenes of ſylvan ſhade refuſe,
And ſeek the black waſte of the barren wold,
That yields no ſhelter from the heat or cold?

SECOND.

Dull are ſlow Ouſa's miſt-exhaling plains,
Where long rank graſs the morning dew retains:
Who paſtures there in Autumn's humid reign,
His flock from ſickneſs hopes to ſave in vain.

THIRD.

The bleak, flat, ſedgy ſhores of Eſſex ſhun,
Where fog perpetual veils the winter ſun;
Though flattering Fortune there invite thy ſtay,
Thy health the purchaſe of her ſmiles muſt pay.

FIRST.

When, harveſt paſt, thy ricks of yellow corn
Riſe round the yard, and ſcent the breeze of morn;

Rude

Rude Winter's rage with timely care to avert,
Let the ſkill'd thatcher ply his uſeful art.

SECOND.

When thy ripe walnuts deck the gloſſy ſpray,
Ere pilfering rooks purloin them faſt away,
Wield thy tough pole, and laſh the trees amain,
Till leaves and huſks the lawn beneath diſtain.

THIRD.

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit appear,
Thy lofty ladder 'midſt the boughs uprear;
Thy baſket's hook upon the branch ſuſpend,
And with the fragrant burden oft deſcend.

FIRST.

Spread on the graſs, or pil'd in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red, the pippin's ſpeckled gold;
There ſhall the ruſſet's auburn rind be ſeen,
The redſtreak's ſtripes, and nonpareil's bright green.

SECOND.

Theſe on dry ſtraw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noon-tide ray;
They, ſafe from froſts, thy table ſhall ſupply,
Freſh to the taſte, and pleaſing to the eye.

THIRD.

When favouring ſeaſons yield thee ſtore to ſpare,
The circling mill and cumbrous preſs prepare;
From copious vats, the well-fermented juice
Will ſparkling beverage for thy board produce.

FIRST.

From red to black when bramble-berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copſes range,
On new-reap'd fields the thick ſtrong ſtubble mow,
And ſafe in ſtacks about thy homeſtead ſtow.

SECOND.

SECOND.

With purple fruit when elder-branches bend,
And their bright hues the hips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar froſt comes, or ſleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain.

THIRD.

When clamorous fieldfares ſeek the frozen mead,
And lurking ſnipes by gurgling runnels feed;
Then 'midſt dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where ſheltering ſheds the well-ſtor'd crib ſurround.

FIRST.

Though Winter reigns, our labours never fail:
Then all day long we hear the ſounding flail;
And oft the beetle's ſtrenuous ſtroke deſcends,
That knotty block-wood into billets rends.

SECOND.

Then in the barns in motion oft are ſeen
The ruſtling corn-fan, and the wiry ſcreen;
In ſacks the taſker meaſures up his grain,
And loads for market on the ſpacious wain.

THIRD.

Th' incloſure fence then claims our timely care,
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair;
The well-plaſh'd hedge with frequent ſtakes confine,
And o'er its top tough wyths of hazel twine.

FIRST.

Where in the croft the ruſſet hayrick ſtands,
The dextrous binder twiſts his ſedgy bands,
Acroſs the ſtack his ſharp-edg'd engine guides,
And the hard maſs in many a truſs divides *.

* Hay is uſually cut with an oblong, triangular inſtrument, called a Cutting-knife.

SECOND.

SECOND.

When froſt thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food ſtand bleating round,
Let ſturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the rais'd roots looſe on the ſurface lie.

THIRD.

When ſtormy days conſtrain to quit the field,
The houſe or barn may uſeful buſineſs yield;
There crooked ſnaths* of flexile ſallow make,
Or of tough aſh the fork-ſtale and the rake.

FIRST.

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loſs diminiſhes his gains;
Wet ſpoils the ſeed, or froſts its growth o'er-
power,
Beaſts break the ſtalk, and birds the grain devour.

* Snath, is the technical term for the handle of a ſcythe.

SECOND.

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy liberal aid may Age and Sickneſs ſhare!
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireleſs hearth, her cupboard's ſcanty ſtore.

THIRD.

The haughty lord, whom luſt of gain inſpires,
From man and beaſt exceſſive toil requires:
The generous maſter views with pitying eyes
Their lot ſevere, and food and reſt ſupplies.

FIRST.

Amid Achaia's ſtreamy vales of old,
Of works and days th' Aſcrean Paſtor told:
Around him, curious, came the ruſtic throng,
And wondering liſten'd to th' informing ſong.

SECOND.

Where fam'd Anapus' limpid waters ſtray,
Sicilia's Poet tun'd his Doric lay;

While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain ſprung.

THIRD.

The Latian MARO ſung, where Mincio's ſtream
Through groves of ilex caſt a ſilvery gleam;
While down green vallies ſtray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or ſlept in ſhadow of the moſſy rocks.

FIRST.

Fair fame to him, the bard whoſe ſong diſplays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praiſe!
Rich as the field with ripen'd harveſt white—
A ſcene of profit mingled with delight!

SECOND.

As dewy cherries to the taſte in June,
As ſhady lanes to travellers at noon,
To me ſo welcome is the Shepherd's ſtrain;
To kindred ſpirits never ſung in vain!

THIRD.

THIRD.

While lindens ſweet and ſpiky cheſnuts blow,
While beech bears maſt, on oaks while acorns grow;
So long ſhall laſt the Shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And pleaſe in every age and every clime!

ORIENTAL

ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The ORIENTAL ECLOGUES of COLLINS have ſuch excellence, that it may be ſuppoſed they muſt preclude the appearance of any ſubſequent Work with the ſame title. This conſideration did not eſcape the Author of the following Poems; but, as the ſcenery and ſentiment of his Predeceſſor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little conſequence.

This kind of compoſition is, in general, ſubject to one diſadvantage, for which allowance ſhould be made. He, who deſcribes what he has ſeen, may deſcribe correctly: he, who deſcribes what he has not ſeen, muſt depend for much on the accounts of others, and ſupply the reſt from his own imagination.

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Stothard del. Heath sculp.

ZERAD;

OR,

THE ABSENT LOVER:

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

THE learned and ingenious Mr. Jones, in his elegant and judicious Eſſay on Oriental Poetry, ſpeaking of the Arabians, has the following paſſage: "It ſometimes happens," ſays he, "that the young men of one tribe are in love with "the damſels of another; and, as the tents are fre- "quently removed on a ſudden, the lovers are often ſepa- "rated in the progreſs of the courtſhip. Hence, almoſt all "the Arabic poems open in this manner: The author be- "wails the ſudden departure of his miſtreſs, Hinda, Maia, "Zeineb, or Azza, and deſcribes her beauty; comparing "her to a wanton fawn that plays among the aromatic "ſhrubs. His friends endeavour to comfort him; but he "refuſes conſolation; he declares his reſolution of viſiting "his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a "dreadful wilderneſs, or even through a den of lions."— The Author of the following Eclogue was ſtruck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleaſing ſubjects of Love and Beauty, when nothing is ſaid to offend the ear of Chaſtity, he ſuppoſes needleſs. If any, however, there be, who queſtion the utility of at all deſcribing thoſe ſubjects; ſuch may remember, that there is an Eaſtern Poem, generally eſteemed *ſacred*, which abounds with the moſt ardent expreſſions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

ZERAD; or, The ABSENT LOVER:

An ARABIAN Eclogue.

KORASA's Tribe, a frequent-wandering train,
From Zenan's paſtures ſought Negiran's plain.
With them SEMIRA left her favourite ſhades,
The lovelieſt nymph of Yemen's ſportive maids!
Her parting hand her fair companions preſt;
A tranſient ſorrow touch'd each tender breaſt;
As ſome thin cloud acroſs the morning ray
Caſts one ſhort moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their ſports, they haſted ſoon to tend,
And loſt in them the memory of their friend.

But

But gallant ZERAD ill her abſence bore,—
A wealthy Emir from Katara's ſhore;
A warrior he, the braveſt of his race;
A bard high-honoured in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And liſtening Beauty languiſh'd while he ſung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the Fair-one he was wont to ſtray;
There oft for her freſh fruits and flow'rs he ſought,
And oft her flocks to chryſtal fountains brought.

Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's green,
And ſable tents in many a rank were ſeen*;
While Evening's ſteps the ſetting Sun purſued,
And the ſtill fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The penſive Lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the ſorrows of his anxious heart.

* The Arabian Tents are black. Vide Canticles, i. 5.

His

His graceful head the coſtly turban dreſt;
The crimſon ſaſh confin'd his azure veſt;
His hand the ſounding arabeb* ſuſtain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous muſic flows,
In Zibet's gardens, when ſhe woos the roſe†:

'Bright ſtar of Sora's ſky, whoſe matchleſs
'blaze
'Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!
'Sweet flow'r of Azem's vale, whoſe matchleſs
'bloom
'O'er thy fam'd houſe ſpreads exquiſite perfume!
'Blithe fawn of Koſa, at the break of dawn,
'Midſt groves of caſſia, ſporting on the lawn!

* Arabebbah, an Arabian and Mooriſh inſtrument of muſic. Vide Shaw's Travels, and Ruſſell's Hiſtory of Aleppo.

† Alluding to an Eaſtern fable of the Nightingale courting the Roſe.

'Too charming Beauty! why muſt I bemoan
'Thee from my preſence thus abruptly flown?
'Ere the ſhrill trump to march the ſignal gave,
'And banners high in air began to wave;
'Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
'And herds and flocks ſlow mov'd along the road;
'Ere ſlow behind them march'd the warrior train,
'And the ſtruck tents left vacant all the plain;
'Could no fond plea obtain a longer ſtay?
'Would no kind hand th' intelligence convey?
'Ah, hapleſs me! to Aden's port I ſtray'd,
'Sought gold and gems, but loſt my lovely maid!
'My friends, they come my ſorrows to allay—
'Azor the wiſe, and Soliman the gay—
'One cries, "Let Reaſon hold her ſober reign,
"Nor Love's light trifles give thy boſom pain!
"For thee kind Science all her lore diſplays,
"And Fame awaits thee with the wreath of
"praiſe."
"O why,"

« O why," cries one, « is ſhe alone thy care?
« She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:
« Negima's eyes with dazzling luſtre ſhine,
« And her black treſſes curl like Zebid's vine;
« On Hinda's brow Kuſhemon's lily blows,
« And on her cheek unfolds Niſhapor's roſe!
« With them, the tale, the ſong, the dance ſhall
« pleaſe,
« When Mirth's free banquet fills the bow'r of
« eaſe."
' Ah ceaſe, ſaid I; of love he little knows,
' Who with ſage counſel hopes to cure its woes!
' Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings ſtay,
' Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey:
' Kind Science' lore with Beauty beſt we ſhare,
' And Beauty's hands Fame's faireſt wreaths pre-
' pare.
' I praiſe Negima's lovely hair and eyes;
' Nor Hinda's lily, nor her roſe deſpiſe:

'But Omman's pearls diffuſe a brighter beam
'Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's ſtream.—
'O lov'd SEMIRA! whither doſt thou rove?
'Tread thy ſoft ſteps by Sada's jaſmine grove?
'Doſt thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep?
'Do Ared's olives whiſper o'er thy ſleep?—
'Ah, no!——the maid, perhaps, remote from
'theſe,
'Some hoſtile troop, in ambuſh laid, may ſeize:
'Too lovely captive! ſhe, in triumph borne,
'The proud Pacha's throng'd haram ſhall adorn.
'Vain fear! around her march her valiant
'friends;
'Brave OMAR's hand the bow of ISHMAEL bends;
'Strong HASSAN's arm KAABA's ſpear can wield,
'And rear on high EL-MAKIN's ponderous ſhield!
'Ah, ſhame to me! ſhall Sloth's diſhonouring
'chain
'From love, from glory, ZERAD here detain,
'Till

'Till grief my cheek with ſickly ſaffron ſpread,
'And my eyes, weeping, match th' Argavan's
'red*?
'Haſte, bring my ſteed, ſupreme in ſtrength and
'grace,
'Firſt in the fight, and fleeteſt in the chace;
'His ſire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
'His beauteous dam in Derar's paſtures fed:
'Bring my ſtrong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,
'Pierc'd the fierce tyger on Hegeſa's plain.
'Acroſs the Deſart I her ſteps purſue;
'Toil at my ſide, and Danger in my view!
'There Thirſt, fell dæmon! haunts the ſultry air,
'And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare;

* D' Herbelot informs us, that Saffron Faces, and Argavan Eyes, are expreſſions commonly uſed in the Eaſt, to deſcribe paſſionate lovers, whoſe melancholy appears in their countenances, and whoſe eyes become red with weeping. The Argavan is ſuppoſed to be the Arbor Judæ; whoſe bloſſoms are of a bright purple. Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song, page 162.

'There deadly Sumiel*, ſtriding o'er the land,
'Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning
'ſand;
'As winds the weary caravan along,
'The fiery ſtorm involves the hapleſs throng,
'I go, I go, nor Toil nor Danger heed;
'The faithful lover Safety's hand ſhall lead.
'The heart that foſters Virtue's generous flames,
'Our Holy Prophet's ſure protection claims.
'Delightful Irem† (midſt the lonely waſte
'By SHEDAD's hand the paradiſe was plac'd)
'Each ſhady tree of varied foliage ſhows,
'And every flower and every fruit beſtows;

* Sumiel: The fiery blaſting wind of the Deſart.

† "Mahommed, in his Alcoran, in the Chapter of the "Morning, mentions a garden, called Irem, which is no leſs "celebrated by the Aſiatic poets, than that of the Heſperides "by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators ſay, "by a king, named SHEDAD; and was once ſeen by an Ara-"bian, who wandered far into the Deſart, in ſearch of a loſt "camel." Jones's Eſſay on Oriental Poetry.

'There

'There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
'There ſing ſweet birds of every gaudy plume;
'There ſoft-eyed Houries tread th' enamell'd
'green—
'Once, and no more, the happy feat was ſeen;
'As his ſtray'd camel midſt the wild he ſought,
'Chance to the ſpot the wandering ESAR brought;
'A bliſsful Irem, 'midſt the Deſart drear,
'SEMIRA's tent my love-ſick ſight ſhall chear.
'What palm of beauty tow'rs on Keran's hills?
'What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
'Tis ſhe, who left ſo late her favourite ſhades,
'The lovelieſt nymph of Yemen's ſportive maids!
'Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
'Give to my view thy veil of ſilk and gold;
'O lift that veil! thy radiant eyes diſplay—
'Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall light me on my way!
'On Hejar's wild rocks from the Perſian main,
'Thus the Moon riſing lights the wilder'd ſwain.

'O raiſe thy voice! the ſound ſhall give delight,
'Like ſongs of pilgrims diſtant heard by night!
'I come, I come!'——He ſpoke, and ſeiz'd the rein,
And his fleet courſer ſpurn'd the ſandy plain.

SERIM;

OR,

THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

AN EAST-INDIAN ECLOGUE.

THE following account of Britiſh conduct and its conſequences, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, ſome years ago, will afford a ſufficient idea of the ſubject of the following Eclogue. After deſcribing the monopoly of ſalt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the Hiſtorian thus proceeds: "Money, in this current, came but by drops; it could not "quench the thirſt of thoſe who waited in India to receive "it. An expedient, ſuch as it was, remained to quicken "its pace.—The natives could live with little ſalt, but not "without food. Some of the agents ſaw themſelves well "ſituated for collecting the rice into ſtores; they did ſo. "They knew the Gentoos would rather die, than violate "the precepts of their religion by eating fleſh. The alter-"native would therefore be, between giving what they had, "and dying. The inhabitants ſunk; they that cultivated "the land, and ſaw the harveſt at the diſpoſal of others, "planted in doubt; ſcarcity enſued; then the monopoly "was eaſier managed. The people took to roots, and food "they had been unaccuſtomed to eat. Sickneſs enſued. In "ſome diſtricts, the languid Living left the bodies of their "numerous Dead unburied."——Short Hiſtory of Engliſh Tranſactions in the Eaſt-Indies, p. 145.

The above quotation ſufficiently proves, that the general plan of the following Poem is founded on fact. And, even with regard to its particlar incidents, there can be little doubt, but that, among the varied miſeries of millions, every picture of diſtreſs, which the Author has drawn, had its original.

SERIM; or, The ARTIFICIAL FAMINE;

An EAST-INDIAN Eclogue,

'O Guardian Genius of this ſacred wave*!
' O ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!'
So SERIM ſpoke, as ſad on Ganges' ſhore
He ſat, his country's miſeries to deplore—
' O Guardian Genius of this ſacred wave!
' O ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!
' From Agra's tow'rs to Muxadabat's† walls,
' On thee for aid the ſuffering Hindoo calls:

* The Hindoos worſhip a God or Genius of the Ganges.

† Muxadabat, or Morſhedabat, a large city of India, about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is commonly pronounced with the accent on the laſt ſyllable: Muxadabàt. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this, and ſome few other words, to my verſe, by altering the accentuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little conſequence to the Engliſh reader.

' Europe's

‘ Europe's fell race controul the wide domain,
‘ Engroſs the harveſt, and enſlave the ſwain.
‘ Why riſe theſe cumbrous piles along thy tide?
‘ They hold the plenty to our prayers denied!
‘ Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
‘ Where Want in anguiſh craves relief in vain.
“ Bring gold, bring gems,” the inſatiate plunderers cry;
“ Who hoards his wealth by Hunger's rage ſhall “ die.”
‘ Ye Fiends! ye have raviſh'd all our little ſtore;
‘ Ye ſee we periſh, yet ye aſk for more!
‘ Go ye yourſelves, and ſearch for gold the mine;
‘ Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean ſhine!
‘ What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
‘ No ſhips of ours e'er ſought your weſtern ſtrand:
‘ Ne'er from your fields we ſnatch'd their crops ‘ away,
‘ Nor made your daughters or your ſons our prey.

‘ Not

'Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
'A calm, contented, inoffenſive race!
'By Avarice led, ye range remoteſt climes,
'And every nation execrates your crimes.
'When TIMUR's Houſe* renown'd, in Delhi
'reign'd,
'Diſtreſs, aſſiſtance unimplor'd obtain'd:
'When Famine o'er the afflicted region frown'd,
'And Sickneſs languiſh'd on the barren ground,
'The Imperial granaries wide diſplay'd their doors,
'And ſhips proviſion brought from diſtant ſhores;
'The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
'From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming ſails.

* The famous Mahometan tyrant, Auranzebe, during a famine which prevailed in different parts of India, exerted himſelf to alleviate the diſtreſs of his ſubjects. "He remitted the taxes "that were due; he employed thoſe already collected in the "purchaſe of corn, which was diſtributed among the poorer "ſort. He even expended immenſe ſums out of the treaſury, "in conveying grain, by land and water, into the interior "provinces, from Bengal, and the countries which lie on the "five branches of the Indus." Dow's Indoſtan, vol. iii. p. 340.

'But ye!—even now, while fav'ring ſeaſons ſmile,
'And the rich glebe would recompenſe our toil,
'Dearth and Diſeaſe to you alone we owe;
'Ye cauſe the miſchief, and enjoy the woe!
'This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty
'bleſt!
'What days of pleaſure, and what nights of reſt!
'From Gola's ſtreets, fam'd mart of fragrant
'grain!
'Trade's chearful voice reſounded o'er the plain;
'There now ſad Silence liſtens to the waves
'That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
'Sweet were the ſongs o'er Jumal's level borne,
'While buſy thouſands throng'd to plant the corn;
'Now tenfold tax the farmer forc'd to yield,
'Deſpairs, and leaves unoccupied the field.
'Sweet were the ſongs of Burdwan's mulberry
'grove,
'While the rich ſilk the rapid ſhuttle wove;

'Now

'Now from the loom our coſtly veſtments
'torn,
'The inſulting robbers meaneſt ſlaves adorn.
'In Malda's ſhades, on Purna's palmy plain,
'The hapleſs artiſts, urg'd to toil in vain,
'Quit their ſad homes, and mourn along the
'land,
'A penſive, pallid, ſelf-diſabled band*!—
'The year revolves—" Bring choiceſt fruits and
"flowers!
" Spread wide the board in conſecrated bowers;

* " Thoſe who now made the things the Engliſh moſt want-
" ed, were preſſed on all ſides—by their own neceſſities, their
" neighbours, and the agents employed to procure the Com-
" pany's inveſtments, as the goods ſent to Europe are called.
" Theſe importunities were united, and urged ſo much, ſo
" often, and in ſuch ways, as to produce, among the people in
" the ſilk buſineſs, inſtances of their cutting off their thumbs,
" that the want of them might excuſe them from following
" their trade, and the inconveniences to which they were ex-
" poſed beyond the common lot of their neighbours."
Hiſtory of Engliſh Tranſactions in the Eaſt-Indies.

" Bring

" Bring Joy, bring Sport, the ſong, the dance prepare!
" 'Tis DRUGAH's† Feaſt, and all our friends muſt
" ſhare!"

' The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are ſeen;
' Nor feſtive board in bowers of holy green;
' Nor Joy, nor Sport, nor dance, nor tuneful ſtrain:
' 'Tis DRUGAH's feaſt—but Grief and Terror reign.
' Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome gueſts ye came,
' And talk'd of Honour's laws and Friendſhip's flame.
' The year revolves—and BISHEN's* Faſt invites
' On Ganges' marge to pay the ſolemn rites;
' All,

† DRUGAH; a Hindoo Goddeſs. " Drugah Poojah is the " grand general feaſt of the Gentoos, uſually viſited by all " Europeans (by invitation), who are treated by the proprietors " of the feaſt with the fruits and flowers in ſeaſon, and are " entertained every evening with bands of ſingers and dancers."
Vide Holwell's Indoſtan, vol. ii.

* BISHEN, BISTNOO, or JAGGERNAUT, is one of the principal Hindoo deities. " This faſt, dedicated to him, is called " the Sinan Jattra, or general waſhing in the Ganges; " and it is almoſt incredible to think the immenſe multi-
" tude,

'All, boons of BISHEN, great Preſerver, crave;
'All, in the ſacred flood, their bodies lave:
'No more, alas!—the multitude no more
'Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the ſhore;
'No more from towns and villages they throng,
'Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:
'Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
'Stalks the dim form of Solitude forlorn!—
'From Ava's mountains Morn's bright eyes ſurvey
'Fair Ganges' ſtreams in many a winding ſtray:
'There fleecy flocks on many an iſland feed;
'There herds unnumber'd paſture many a mead;
'(While noxious herbs our laſt reſource ſupply,
'And, dearth eſcaping, by diſeaſe we die)
"Take theſe," ye cry, "nor more for food complain;
"Take theſe, and ſlay like us, and riot on the
"ſlain!"

"tude, of every age and ſex, that appears on both ſides the "river, throughout its whole courſe, at one and the ſame "time." Vide Mr. Holwell, vol. ii. p. 124. 128.

'Ah no! our Law the crime abhorr'd withſtands;
'We die—but blood ſhall ne'er pollute our hands.
'O Guardian Genius of this ſacred wave!
'Save, ſave thy ſons, if thine the power to ſave!'

So SERIM ſpoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
The frequent corſe came floating down the ſtream*.
He ſigh'd, and riſing turn'd his ſteps to rove
Where wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the coco-grove;
There, 'midſt ſcorch'd ruins, one lone roof remain'd,
And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
The ſound of feet he near his threſhold heard;
Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
'Come, Tyrant, come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen ſteel, and pierce this fainting heart!
'Com'ſt thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
'My darling daughter in diſtreſs to ſave!

* The Hindcos frequently caſt the bodies of their deceaſed into the Ganges; with the idea, I ſuppoſe, of committing them to the diſpoſal of the God or Genius of the River.

'Thy faithleſs brethren took the ſhining ſtore,
'Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore!
'Three days, three nights, I've languiſh'd here
'alone—
'Three foodleſs days, three nights to ſleep unknown!
'Come, Tyrant, come! perform a generous part,
'Lift thy keen ſteel, and pierce this fainting heart!'

"No hoſtile ſteps the haunt of Woe invade,"
SERIM replied—and, paſſing where the glade
A length of proſpect down the vale diſplay'd,
Another ſight of miſery met his view;
Another mournful voice his notice drew!
There, near a temple's recent ruin, ſtood
A white-rob'd Bramin, by the ſacred flood:
His wives, his children, dead beſide him lay—
Of Hunger theſe, and thoſe of Grief the prey!
Thrice he with duſt defil'd his aged head;
Thrice o'er the ſtream his hands uplifted ſpread:

'Hear, all ye Powers to whom we bend in prayer!
'Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
'Tis not for them, tho' lifeleſs there they lie;
'Tis not for me, tho' innocent I die;—
My Country's breaſt the tyger, Avarice, rends,
And loud to you her parting groan aſcends.
'Hear, all ye Powers to whom we bend in prayer!
'Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
'Hear, and avenge!——
'But hark! what voice, from yonder ſtarry ſphere,
'Slides, like the breeze of Evening, o'er my ear?
'Lo, BIRMAH's* form! on amber clouds enthron'd;
'His azure robe with lucid emerald zon'd;

* BIRMAH is a principal Deity of the Hindoos, in whoſe perſon they worſhip the divine attribute of Wiſdom. From the beſt accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worſhip "ſtocks and ſtones," merely as ſuch; but rather the Supreme Exiſtence, in a variety of attributes or manifeſtations.

‘ He looks celeſtial dignity and grace,
‘ And views with pity wretched human race!’
“ Forbear, raſh man! nor curſe thy country's foes;
“ Frail man to man forgiveneſs ever owes.
“ When Moisasoor * the fell to Earth's fair plain
“ Brought his deteſted offspring, Strife and Pain;
“ Revenge with them, relentleſs Fury, came,
“ Her boſom burning with infernal flame!
“ Her hair ſheds horror, like the comet's blaze;
“ Her eyes, all ghaſtly, blaſt where'er they gaze;
“ Her lifted arm a poiſon'd crice † ſuſtains;
“ Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
“ Who aſks her aid, muſt own her endleſs reign,
“ Feel her keen ſcourge, and drag her galling
“ chain!”
‘ The ſtrains ſublime in ſweeteſt muſic cloſe,
‘ And all the tumult of my ſoul compoſe.

* Moisasoor: the Hindoo Author of Evil, ſimilar to our Satan.

† Crice, an Indian dagger.

'Yet you, ye oppreſſors! uninvok'd on you*,
'Your ſteps, the ſteps of Juſtice will purſue!
'Go, ſpread your white ſails on the azure main;
'Fraught with our ſpoils, your native land regain;
'Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
'And on green hills the pompous palace ſtand:
'Let Luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
'Smooth the ſoft couch, and ſhed the rich perfume—
'There Night's kind calm in vain ſhall ſleep invite,
'While fancied omens warn, and ſpectres fright:
'Sad ſounds ſhall iſſue from your guilty walls,
'The widow'd wife's, the ſonleſs mother's calls;
'And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms ſhall riſe,
'And lift to you their ſupplicating eyes:

* The Reader muſt readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought, in a Poem deſigned to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a perſon wiſhing evil to his enemy, and prefaging that evil will be the conſequence of that enemy's crimes. The firſt is an immoral act of the will; the ſecond, a neutral act of the judgment.

'Remorſe

'Remorſe intolerable your hearts will feel,
'And your own hands plunge deep the avenging
ſteel†.
'(For Europe's cowards Heaven's command diſdain,
'To Death's cold arms they fly for eaſe in vain.)
'For us, each painful tranſmigration o'er,
'Sweet fields receive us to reſign no more;
'Where Safety's fence for ever round us grows,
'And Peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading blows;
'Light's Sun unſetting ſhines with chearing beam;
'And Pleaſure's River rolls its golden ſtream!'

Enrapt he ſpoke—then ceas'd the lofty ſtrain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the ſound again.—

† The Hindoo religion ſtrongly prohibits ſuicide. Mr. Holwell gives us the following paſſage from the Shaſtah: "Whoſoever, of the delinquent Debtah, ſhall dare to free himſelf "from the mortal form wherewith I ſhall incloſe him; thou, "Sieb, ſhalt plunge him into the Onderah for ever: he ſhall "not again have the benefit of the fifteen Boboons of purga-"tion, probation, and purification."

A Britiſh ruffian, near in ambuſh laid,
Ruſh'd ſudden from the cane-iſle's ſecret ſhade;
'Go to thy Gods!' with rage infernal cried,
And headlong plung'd the hapleſs Sage into the foaming tide.

L I - P O;

OR,

THE GOOD GOVERNOR:

A CHINESE ECLOGUE.

THOSE who are converſant in the beſt accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's Hiſtory, muſt have remarked, that the Chineſe government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince, in that country, can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his ſubjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following Poem.

LI-PO; or, The GOOD GOVERNOR:

A CHINESE Eclogue.

WHERE Honan's hills Kianſi's vale incloſe,
And Xiſa's lake its glaſſy level ſhows;
LI-PO's fair iſland lay—delightful ſcene!—
With ſwelling ſlopes, and groves of every green:
On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
Rear'd its light front with golden columns grac'd;
High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
And jaſmine boughs the lattice twin'd among;
In porcelain vaſes creſted amaranth grew,
And ſtarry aſter, crimſon, white, and blue;
Lien-hoa flowers upon the water ſpread;
Bright ſhells and corals varied luſtre ſhed;

From

From ſparry grottos chryſtal drops diſtill'd
On ſounding braſs, and air with muſic fill'd;
Soft thro' the bending canes the breezes play'd,
The ruſtling leaves continual murmur made;
Gay ſhoals of gold-fiſh glitter'd in the tide,
And gaudy birds flew ſportive by its ſide.
The diſtant proſpects well the ſight might pleaſe,
With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
From craggy cliffs, between the verdant ſhades,
The ſilver rills ruſh'd down in bright caſcades;
O'er terrac'd ſteeps rich cotton harveſts* wav'd,
And ſmooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
Long rows of cypreſs† parted all the land,
And tall pagodas crown'd the river's ſtrand!

* The Chineſe reduce the ſteep ſlopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.

† Their rice-grounds are ſeparated by broad ditches, the ſides of which are planted with cypreſſes.

Vide Oſbeck's Voyage to China.

'Twas

'Twas here, from buſineſs and its pomp and pain,
The penſive maſter ſought relief in vain.
Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's ſceptre ſway'd,
And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
The morn's tranſactions to his memory came,
And ſome he found to praiſe, and ſome to blame;
Mark'd here how juſtice, pity there prevail'd,
And how from haſte or indolence he fail'd.

Beneath a bower of ſweet Ka-fa, whoſe bloom
Fill'd all the adjacent lawn with rich perfume,
His ſlaves at diſtance ſat—a beauteous train!—
One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal ſtrain:
They ſaw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
And wiſh'd to eaſe the anxiety he bore.
Amuſive tales their ſoothing lay diſclos'd,
Of heroes brave to perils ſtrange expos'd;
Of tyrants proud, from power's high ſummit caſt;
And lovers, long deſponding, bleſt at laſt.

They

They ceas'd; the warblings ſoftly died away,
Like zephyrs ceaſing at the cloſe of day.
'This ſcene,' ſaid he, 'how fair! to pleaſe the
'ſight
'How Nature's charms, Art's ornaments unite!
'Thoſe maids, what magic in the ſtrains they ſung!
'Song ſweetlieſt flows from Beauty's tuneful tongue.
'Yet ſay, did TIEN bid power and wealth be mine,
'For me my ſoul to pleaſure to reſign?
'What boots that annual, on our fathers' tombs,
'We ſtrew fair flowers, and offer choice perfumes;
'Our veneration of their memories ſhew,
'And not their ſteps in Virtue's path purſue?
'When, from his province as the prince returns,
'Rich feaſts for him are ſpread, and incenſe burns,
'And gilded barks unfold their ſtreamers gay,
'And following crowds their loud applauſes pay;
'Avails all this, if he from right has ſwerv'd,
'And Conſcience tells him all is undeſerv'd?
'Ariſe,

'Ariſe, LI-PO! 'tis Duty calls, ariſe!
'The ſun ſinks reddening in Tartarian ſkies.
'Yon walls that tower o'er Xenſi's neighbouring
'plain,
'Yon walls unnumber'd miſeries contain.
'Think, why did TIEN ſuperior rank impart,
'Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
'Laſt night in ſleep, to Fancy's ſight diſplay'd,
'Lay lovelier ſcenes than e'er my eyes ſurvey'd;
'With purple ſhone the hills, with gold the vales,
'And greeneſt foliage wav'd in gentleſt gales:
''Midſt palmy fields, with ſunſhine ever bright,
'A palace rear'd its walls of ſilvery white;
'The gates of pearl a ſhady hall diſclos'd,
'Where old CONFUCIUS' rev'rend form repos'd:
'Looſe o'er his limbs the ſilk's light texture flow'd,
'His eye ſerene etherial luſtre ſhow'd:
"My ſon," ſaid he, as near his ſeat I drew,
"Caſt round this wonderous ſpot thy dazzled view;

"See

" See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
" The bleſt inhabitants conſume their hours!
" They ne'er to War, fell Fiend! commiſſion gave
" To murder, ravage, baniſh, and enſlave;
" They ne'er bid Grandeur raiſe her gorgeous pile,
" With tribute raviſh'd from the hand of Toil;
" But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
" The weak defended, and the poor ſuſtain'd."
' Smiling he ceas'd—the viſion ſeem'd to fly,
' Like fleecy clouds diſperſing in the ſky.
' Ariſe, LI-PO! and caſt thy robes aſide,
' Diſguiſe thy form, thy well-known features hide;
' Go forth, yon ſtreets, yon crowded ſtreets pervade,
' Mix with the throng, and mark who ſeeks thy
' aid:
' There Avarice ſtern, o'er Poverty bears ſway,
' And Age and Sickneſs fall his eaſy prey;
' There hands that Juſtice' ſacred enſigns bear,
' Protect the plunderer, and the plunder ſhare;

' Perhaps

'Perhaps there Diſcord's deſperate rage prevails,
'And Wiſdom's voice to calm the tumult fails;
'Perhaps Revenge gives victims to the grave,
'Perhaps they periſh, ere I haſte to ſave!'

He ſpoke, and roſe; but now along the way
That from the city-gate fair-winding lay,
Stretch'd thro' green meads where lowing cattle graz'd,
Amid the lake's wide ſilver level rais'd,
Led up ſteep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
Slow tow'rds his palace came a ſuppliant train;—
Whoe'er his preſence ſought ne'er ſought in vain—
The ready veſſel, waiting at his call,
Receiv'd, and bore him to the audience-hall.

ODES.

THE Horatian, or leſſer Ode, is characteriſed principally by eaſe and correctneſs. The following little Pieces, attempted on that plan, were the production of very different periods, and, on reviſal, were thought not undeſerving a place in this Collection.

O D E I.

TO LEISURE.

GENTLE Leiſure, whom of yore
To Wealth the fair Contentment bore,
When Peace with them her dwelling made,
And Health her kind attendance paid;
As wandering o'er the ſunny plains
They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
O Thou! who country ſcenes and air
Preferr'ſt to courts and crowds and care;
With Thee I've often paſs'd the day,
To Thee I wake the grateful lay.

With Thee on Chadwell's thymy brow*,
Beneath the hazel's bending bough,

* Chadwell: The New River Head, near Ware.

I've ſat to breathe the fragrance cool
Exhaling from the glaſſy pool;
Where, thro' th' unſullied chryſtal ſeen,
The bottom ſhow'd its ſhining green:
As, all-attentive, theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſued,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleaſure ow'd!

With Thee, on Muſsla's* corn-clad height
The landſcape oft has charm'd my ſight;
Delightful hills, and vales and woods,
And duſty roads, and winding floods;
And towns, that thro' thin groups of ſhade
Their roofs of varied form diſplay'd:
As, all-attentive, theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſued,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleaſure ow'd!

* Muſsla: a hill on the north ſide of Ware.

With

With Thee, where Eaſna's* hornbeam-grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've ſtray'd,
By banks in hoary moſs array'd;
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As, all-attentive, theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſued,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleaſure ow'd!

With Thee, by Stanſted's† farms inclos'd,
With aged elms in rows diſpos'd;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The ſilver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leav'd ſycamore,
I've linger'd on the ſhady ſhore:

* Eaſna: a pleaſant wood, eaſt of Ware.

† Stanſted: a village in the ſame neighbourhood.

As, all-attentive, theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſued,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleaſure ow'd!

With Thee, where Thames his waters leads
Round Poplar's Iſle* of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide,
I've ſeen the white-ſail'd veſſels glide;
Or gaz'd on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As, all-attentive, theſe I view'd,
And many a pleaſing thought purſued,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleaſure ow'd!

O gentle Leiſure!—abſent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful ſong:

* Poplar's Iſle; commonly called The Iſle of Dogs, oppoſite Greenwich.

If e'er, allur'd by grateful change,
O'er ſcenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's eaſt or weſtern ſhore
For rural ſolitudes explore:
As, all-attentive, theſe I view,
And many a pleaſing thought purſue,
Whate'er of pleaſure they beſtow,
To Thee that pleaſure I muſt owe!

ODE II.

THE EVENING WALK.

WHAT time fair Spring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowſlip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffuſe a rich perfume:

Young THERON down the valley ſtray'd
At evening's ſilent hour;
When bright the ſetting ſunbeams play'd
On Hertford's diſtant tower.

He ſigh'd, and caſt around his eye
O'er all the pleaſing ſcene;
Now tow'rds the golden-clouded ſky,
Now on the fields of green.

' Thrice has fair Spring her cowſlip bloom
' Awak'd with dewy hand;
' And hawthorn boughs diffus'd perfume,
' By weſtern breezes fann'd;

' Since here, at evening's ſilent hour,
' Delighted oft I ſtray'd;
' While bright on Hertford's diſtant tower
' The ſetting ſunbeams play'd:

' 'Twas then the flatterer Hope was near,
' And ſung this ſoothing ſtrain:
" Where thro' the trees yon tow'rs appear
" Far o'er the level plain;

" There oft thy pleaſant evening walk
" Thy favourite Maid ſhall join,
" And all the charms of tender talk
" And tuneful ſong be thine:

" With

" With thee ſhe'll hear the bleat of flocks,
" The throſtle's mellow lay;
" The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
" The whiſpers of the ſpray."—

' So ſung falſe Hope—Deceiv'd I heard,
' And ſet my heart at eaſe;
' The future then ſo fair appear'd,
' It made the preſent pleaſe.

' So ſung falſe Hope—The approaching years,
' That diſtant look'd ſo gay,
' With clouds of cares and ſtorms of fears
' All fraught, have paſs'd away.

' As glides yon ſun adown the ſky,
' As rolls yon rapid ſtream;
' So faſt our joys and ſorrows fly,
' And flown appear a dream.

' Be

'Be then the events that Time has brought,
'To me not brought in vain;
'By painful diſappointment taught,
'Let wiſdom be my gain!'

Thus THERON ſpoke, and earneſt eyed
The ſun's departing ray;
Again he look'd, again he ſigh'd,
And homeward bent his way.

ODE III.

TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happieſt ſtage of life,
Free from care and free from ſtrife,
Free from Memory's ruthleſs reign,
Fraught with ſcenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel ſkill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-loſt hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!

Then to toſs the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;

Then

Then the mimic ſhip to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Thro' the duſty ſtreet to chace;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchleſs boon of thine!—
How thy long-loſt hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!

ODE IV.

HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ! hark!—how ſoft, how ſweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The ſound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brighteſt beams
Gild jaſmine groves and chryſtal ſtreams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfol
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depreſs the vines;
Where, on the bank with roſes gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleaſure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now

Now different tones and meaſures flow,
And, gravely deep, and ſadly ſlow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I ſeem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant ſleeps,
To where the love-lorn damſel weeps,
I pitying ſeem to ſtray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near;
Methinks her drooping thoughts I chear,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouſe and elevate the ſoul
O'er earth and all its care;
I ſeem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs reſponſive ſtrains,
And in their raptures ſhare.

ODE V.

A LANDSCAPE.

ON the eaſtern hill's ſteep ſide
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
'Croſs the vale, where willows riſe,
Further ſtill another lies;
And, beneath a ſteeper hill,
Lies another further ſtill:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where Health and Labour rove!

Northward ſwelling ſlopes are ſeen,
Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
There, thro' graſſy plains below,
Broad and ſmooth the waters flow;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its cluſtering houſes throng,

In the ſunſhine glittering fair;
Haunts of Buſineſs, haunts of Care!

Weſtward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills thro' waving reeds;
From dark elms a ſhadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls:
Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens ſtand:
Fair retreat! that well might pleaſe
Wealth, and Elegance, and Eaſe.

Hark! amidſt the diſtant ſhades
Murmuring drop the deep caſcades;
Hark! amidſt the ruſtling trees
Softly ſighs the gentle breeze:
And the Eolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the ſtream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled ſtrain,
Riſing now, now ſunk again.

How the view detains the ſight!
How the ſounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the ſcene! but think not there
Happineſs ſincere to ſhare:
Reaſon ſtill regrets the day
Paſſing rapidly away;
Leſſening Life's too little ſtore;
Paſſing, to return no more!

ODE VI.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS MARRIAGE, AND REMOVAL INTO THE COUNTRY.

[Written at Stanway-Hall, in Eſſex.]

WHATE'ER of lighter ſtrain the Muſe
Eſſay'd, in vacant hours of eaſe,
At thy expence to raiſe a ſmile,
I deem thy candour will excuſe;
For ſure I meant not to diſpleaſe,
For ſure I wiſh'd thee well the while *.

* The Author alludes to ſome trifling pieces of humour, written on his Friend, for the amuſement of a few intimate acquaintance.

And now the nuptial knot is tied,
That Muſe no idle flattery brings,
Nor talks of joy unmixt with care—
I truſt that none who e'er has tried
The ſober ſtate of human things,
Will give thee hope ſuch joy to ſhare.

Domeſtic Life muſt ſoon be thine—
'Tis various as an April day;
'Tis pleaſure now, and now 'tis pain;
Thro' ſtorms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy ſteady way,
And theſe enjoy, and thoſe ſuſtain.

From London's ſtreets to ſolitude,
From brilliant ſhops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is ſtrange and rude:
Yet ſcarce a place ſo little yields,
But he who ſeeks amuſement finds.

Perchance

Perchance thou'lt not diſdain to hear
The ploughman's hiſtory of the plain;
Thy ſight the proſpect's ſcenes may charm:
And ſure faſtidious is the ear,
That ſlights the milkmaid's ſimple ſtrain,
At evening echoing from the farm.

The market lore of artful ſwains;
The price of cattle and of corn,
The ſportſman's feats of dogs and guns;—
To practiſe that will coſt thee pains;
And theſe with patience muſt be born,
For he will be diſlik'd who ſhuns.

Courage, my friend! whate'er our fate;
So verſatile the human mind,
That oft, when novelty is o'er,
To objects of our former hate
Aſſimilated and reſign'd,
We wonder they diſpleas'd before.

'Twas on the feſtive, ſocial day,
Where Beauty caſt her ſmiles around,
And Mirth the mind from care reliev'd;
What time our hands in harmleſs play
Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
My thoughts this grateful lay conceiv'd.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer*,
To other ſcenes and other friends
To-morrow calls my ſteps away;
Yet Memory them in view ſhall bear;
Yet them the wiſh of health attends,
And many a moment calm and gay.

* Layer Breton: a village in Eſſex.

ODE VII.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

WHILE in the ſky black clouds impend,
And fogs ariſe, and rains deſcend,
And one brown proſpect opens round
Of leafleſs trees and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted ſpots of ſnow
Upon the ſhaded hill-ſide ſhow;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The ſcene diſguſts the ſight, depreſſes all the ſoul.

Yet worſe what polar climates ſhare—
Vaſt regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,

Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a miſt, his voice a ſtorm:
His frown the ſhivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in ſmoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with chearing rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or ſong
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak* and the dart prepare,
On ſummer ſeas to work their way,
And wage the watry war, and make the ſeals their prey.

Too Delicate! reproach no more
The ſeaſons of thy native ſhore—
There ſoon ſhall Spring deſcend the ſky,
With ſmiling brow and placid eye;

* Kajak: a Greenland fiſhing-boat.

A prim-

A primroſe wreath ſurrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And, ſcatter'd from her liberal hand,
Fair bloſſoms deck the trees, fair flow'rs adorn the land.

ODE VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

WHERE Grove-hill* ſhows thy villa fair,
But late, my LETTSOM, there with thee
'Twas mine the tranquil hour to ſhare—
The ſocial hour of converſe free;
To mark the arrangement of thy ground,
And all the pleaſing proſpect round,
Where, while we gaz'd, new beauties ſtill were found.

There, as the impending cloud of ſmoke
Fled various from the varying gale,
Full on the view freſh objects broke
Along the extenſive peopled vale,

* At Camberwell, in Surry.

Beſide

Beſide Thameſis' bending ſtream,
From ancient Lambeth's weſt extreme,
To Limehouſe glittering in the evening beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
Caught glimpſe of ſpots remoter ſtill,
On Hampſtead's ſtreet-clad ſlope ſo high,
Or Harrow's far conſpicuous hill;
Or eaſtward wander'd to explore
All Peckham's pleaſant level o'er,
To buſy Deptford's veſſel-crowded ſhore:

Or ſought that ſouthern landſcape's bound,
Thoſe ſwelling mounts—one ſmooth and green,
And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
And one where ſcattering trees are ſeen *.

* The Dulwich hills.

'Twas

'Twas theſe, with Summer's radiance bright,
That gave my earlieſt youth delight,
Of rural ſcenes the firſt that met my ſight *.

That Buſineſs, with fatiguing cares,
For this delightful ſeat of thine
Such ſcanty ſtore of moments ſpares,
Say, Friend, ſhall I for thee repine?—
Were it the commerce of the main,
Or culture of the teeming plain,
From blame or pity I ſhould ſcarce refrain.

But O! to alleviate human woes,
To baniſh ſickneſs, baniſh pain,
To give the ſleepleſs eye repoſe,
The nerveleſs arm its ſtrength again;
From parent eyes to dry the tear,
The wife's diſtreſsful thought to chear,
And end the huſband's and the lover's fear;

* The Author was born in the environs of London, on the Surry ſide.

Where

Where Want ſits pining, faint, and ill,
To lend thy kind, unpurchas'd aid,
And hear the exertions of thy ſkill
With many a grateful bleſſing paid—
'Tis luxury to the feeling heart,
Beyond what ſocial hours impart,
Or Nature's beauteous ſcenes, or curious works of Art!

ODE IX.

LEAVING BATH, MDCCLXXVI.

BATH! ere I quit thy pleaſing ſcene,
Thy Beachen cliff I'll climb again,
To view thy mountains vivid green,
To view thy hill-ſurrounded plain:
To ſee diſtinct beneath the eye,
As in a pictur'd proſpect nigh,
Thoſe Attic ſtructures ſhining white,
That form thy ſunny creſcent's bend,
Or by thy duſty ſtreets extend,
Or near thy winding river's ſite.

Did Commerce theſe proud piles upraiſe?
For thee ſhe ne'er unfurl'd her ſails—
HYGEIA gave thy fountains praiſe,
And Pain and Languor ſought thy vales:

But

But theſe ſuffic'd an humble cell,
If they with Strength and Eaſe might dwell.
Then Faſhion call'd; his potent voice
Proud Wealth with ready ſtep obey'd,
And Pleaſure all her arts eſſay'd,
To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift!—Thy manſions gay,
Where Peers and Beauties lead the ball,
Neglected, ſoon may feel decay;
Forſaken, moulder to their fall.—
Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
But ſtill thy environs ſo fair,
Thy waters ſalutary aid,
Will ſurely always ſome perſuade
To render thee their care.

ODE X.

TO J. PAYNE, ESQ. ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O FRIEND! to Thee, whoſe liberal mind
Was form'd with taſte for joys refin'd,
For all the extended country yields,
Of azure ſkies and verdant fields;
For all that Genius' hand diſplays,—
The Painter's forms, the Poet's lays:—
To Thee, reſtraint to that dull room,
Where ſunſhine never breaks the gloom;
To Thee, reſtraint to that dull lore
Of books, with numbers cypher'd o'er—
How hard the lot! I ſee with pain,
And wiſh it oft exchang'd in vain.

Yet not for Thee I aſk the ſtores
Which Rapine rends from foreign ſhores,

Nor

Nor thoſe Oppreſſion's power procures
From ills that Poverty endures.
Far happier Thou! thy honeſt gain
Can life with decency ſuſtain;
For Thee, Content, with thought ſerene,
Surveys the preſent changeful ſcene;
And Piety her view ſublime
Extends beyond the realm of Time.

ODE XI.

TO A FRIEND APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING FRIENDSHIP.

TOO much in Man's imperfect ſtate
Miſtake produces uſeleſs pain.—
Methinks, of Friendſhip's frequent fate
I hear my FROGLEY's voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may Chance my ſteps diſpoſe,
The abſent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has ras'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to ſtand,
And on his chryſtal current gaze.

From

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with ſhade,
From Widbury's proſpect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the ſcenes we then ſurvey'd,
While Fancy ſought for ſweeter ſtill:

Then how did Learning's ſtores delight!
From books what pleaſures then we drew!
For then their charms firſt met our ſight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! Life's Summer ſwiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid Diſtruſt's chill eaſt-wind riſe,
To blaſt the ſcanty blooms they bear?

ODE XII.

TO A FRIEND.

NO, Cockfield, no! I'll not diſdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain;
Nor ſcorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and iſles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaiſtow's level meads,
To Woolwich ſtreets, or Charlton fields:
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleaſant call,
And praiſe the lonely lane that leads
To that old tower upon the wall.

'Twas when Misfortune's ſtroke ſevere,
And Melancholy's preſence drear,

Had

Had made my Amwell's groves diſpleaſe,
That thine my weary ſteps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindneſs gave me eaſe;
For o'er the paſt as thought would ſtray,
That thought thy voice as oft retriev'd,
To ſcenes which fair before us lay.

And there, in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleas'd with friendly talk;
From theme to theme that wander'd ſtill—
The long detail of where we had been,
And what we had heard, and what we had ſeen;
And what the Poet's tuneful ſkill,
And what the Painter's graphic art,
Or Antiquarian's ſearches keen,
Of calm amuſement could impart.

Then oft did Nature's works engage,
And oft we ſearch'd LINNÆUS' page;

The Scanian Sage, whoſe wond'rous toil
Had claſs'd the vegetable race:
And curious, oft from place to place,
We rang'd, and ſought each different ſoil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice diſtinctions drew.

O moments theſe, not ill employ'd!
O moments, better far enjoy'd
Than thoſe in crowded cities paſs'd;
Where oft to Luxury's gaudy reign
Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till Pride, a bankrupt wretch at laſt,
Bids Fraud his ſpecious wiles eſſay,
Youth's eaſy confidence to gain,
Or Induſtry's poor pittance rend away!

ODE XIII.

I HATE that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To ſell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd ſwains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Miſery's hand beſtows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE XIV.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE-VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful Trifler's lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning ſtrain
Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All Flattery's round of fulſome praiſe,
All Falſehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muſe whoſe tongue has told
Love's genuine plaintive tender tale;
Bring me the Muſe whoſe ſounds of woe
'Midſt Death's dread ſcenes ſo ſweetly flow,
When Friendſhip's faithful breaſt lies cold,
When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale:

Bring theſe—I like their grief ſincere;
It ſooths my ſympathetic gloom:
For, oh! Love's genuine pains I've borne,
And Death's dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er Friendſhip's early bier,
And dropt the tear on Beauty's tomb.

ODE XV.

THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
The Poet's birth, I aſk not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank*, or Thames's ſhore†:
From ſilver Avon's flowery ſide
Tho' SHAKESPEARE's numbers ſweetly glide,
As ſweet, from Morven's deſart hills,
My ear the voice of OSSIAN fills.

* *Tagus' bank:* alluding to Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal; of whoſe Luſiad we have a well known maſterly tranſlation by Mr. Mickle.

† *Thames's ſhore:* alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.

The

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I ſcorn not all that DRYDEN ſings
Becauſe he flatters courts and kings;
And from the maſter lyre of GRAY
When pomp of muſic breaks away,
Not leſs the ſound my notice draws,
For that 'tis heard in Freedom's cauſe.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Where Wealth's bright ſun propitious ſhines,
No added luſtre marks the lines;
Where Want extends her chilling ſhades,
No pleaſing flower of Fancy fades;
A ſcribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praiſe

From

From that poor Youth, whoſe tales relate
Sad JUGA's fears and BAWDIN's fate *.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
When Fame her wreath well-earn'd beſtows,
My breaſt no latent envy knows;
My LANGHORNE's verſe I lov'd to hear,
And BEATTIE's ſong delights my ear;
And his, whom Athens' Tragic Maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade,
While he for Britiſh nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe †.

The Muſe! whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:

* See Rowley's Poems, ſuppoſed to have been written Chatterton, an unhappy youth born at Briſtol.

† See Mr. Potter's excellent Tranſlation of Æſchylus and Euripides.

Or

Or be the verſe or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or ſublime;
If Paſtoral's hand my journey leads
Thro' harveſt fields or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice ſonorous calls
To Œta's cliffs * or Salem's walls †;
Enough—the Muſe, the Muſe inſpires!
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires.

* See Mr. Glover's Leonidas, alluded to as an example of Claſſical dignity and ſimplicity.

† See Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.

ODE XVI.

VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

TO A FRIEND.

HOW ſteep yon mountains riſe around,
How bold yon gloomy woods aſcend!
How loud the ruſhing torrents ſound
That 'midſt theſe heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,
And one lone aiſle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend!

Here once a ſelf-ſequeſter'd train
Renounc'd life's tempting pomp and glare;
Rejected power, relinquiſh'd gain,
And ſhunn'd the great, and ſhunn'd the fair:

The

The voluntary ſlaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little ſoil,
By night they awoke, and roſe to prayer.

Tho' Superſtition much we blame,
That bade them thus conſume their years;
Their motive ſtill our praiſe muſt claim,
Their conſtancy our thought reveres:
And ſure their ſolitary ſcheme
Muſt check each paſſion's wild extreme,
And ſave them cares, and ſave them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all;
Their minds no ſad preſage oppreſt,
What fate might abſent wealth befal,
How abſent friends might be diſtreſt:
Domeſtic ills ne'er hurt their eaſe;
They nought of pain could feel from theſe,
Who no domeſtic joys poſſeſt.

But Imperfection haunts each place:
Would this kind calm atone to thee
For Fame's or Fortune's ſprightly chace,
Whoſe prize in proſpect ſtill we ſee;
Or Hymen's happy moments bleſt,
With Beauty leaning on thy breaſt,
Or Childhood prattling at thy knee?

ODE XVII.

PRIVATEERING.

HOW Cuſtom ſteels the human breaſt
To deeds that Nature's thoughts deteſt!
How Cuſtom conſecrates to fame
What Reaſon elſe would give to ſhame!
Fair Spring ſupplies the favouring gale,
The Naval Plunderer ſpreads his ſail,
And ploughing wide the watry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never ſaw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and Avarice prompts the fight;
And Rage enjoys the dreadful ſight

Of decks with ſtreaming crimſon dy'd,
And wretches ſtruggling in the tide,
Or, 'midſt th' exploſion's horrid glare,
Diſpers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign ſhores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark priſon's ſcanty range;
By Plenty's hand ſo lately fed,
Depends on caſual alms for bread;
And, with a father's anguiſh torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, ſuch Man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The proſperous Robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the ſong of every ſtreet,
His acts the theme of all we meet,

And oft the artiſt's ſkill ſhall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er ſhall be;
No, firſt in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the ſhepherd's tale!
No, firſt on Scotia's bleakeſt hill
Be mine the ſtubborn ſoil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praiſe unknown!

O D E XVIII.

TO HOSPITALITY.

DOMESTIC Power! erewhile rever'd
Where Syria ſpread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful Muſes heard,
Where Rome beheld her Patriot Train;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
'Midſt the moat and moſs-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-ſtructur'd hall
With rural trophies ſtrown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathleſs foreſt wild;
The huntſman, in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chace o'ertoil'd;

Wide

Wide their view around them caſt,
Mark'd the diſtant ruſtic tower,
And ſought and found the feſtive bower,
And ſhar'd the free repaſt.

E'en now, on Caledonia's ſhore,
When Eve's dun robe the ſky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road ſurveys;
Pleas'd to ſpy the caſual gueſt,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or ſong to ſooth his ear,
And ſpread his couch for reſt.

Nor yet ev'n here diſdain'd thy ſway,
Where Grandeur's ſplendid modern ſeat
Far o'er the landſcape glitters gay;
Or where fair Quiet's lone retreat

Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the duſky upland ſhade,
Between the willow's gloſſy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleaſing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When ſcenes not often ſeen amuſe,
When tales not often told we hear;
There the ſcholar's liberal mind
Oft inſtruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle Power! where'er thy reign,
May Health and Peace attend thee ſtill;
Nor Folly's preſence cauſe thee pain,
Nor Vice reward thy good with ill:

Gratitude

Gratitude thy altar raiſe,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And Genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praiſe.

ODE XIX.

THE APOLOGY.

'PASTORAL, and Elegy, and Ode!
'Who hopes, by theſe, applauſe to gain,
'Believe me, Friend, may hope in vain—
'Theſe claſſic things are not the mode;
'Our taſte polite, ſo much refin'd,
'Demands a ſtrain of different kind.

'Go, court the Muſe of Chevy Chace,
'To tell in STERNHOLD's ſimple rhymes
'Some tale of ancient Engliſh times;
'Or try to win rude Satire's grace,
'That Scold, who dirt around her throws,
'And many a random ſtain beſtows.

'Or

'Or dull trite thoughts in ſongs combine,
'And bid the tuneful accents fall,
'To wake the echoes of Vauxhall;
'Or tow'rds the Stage thy thoughts incline,
'And furniſh ſome half-pilfer'd play,
'To ſhine the meteor of the day.'

O! no—tho' ſuch the crowd amuſe,
And peals of noiſy praiſe procure;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And paſs the ordeal of Reviews?
And who is he for whom they'll gain
A nich in Fame's immortal fane?

The plan that VIRGIL's choice could claim,
The plan that HORACE deign'd to chuſe,
Truſt me, I wiſh not to refuſe:—
To AKENSIDE's or SHENSTONE's name
The praiſe that future days ſhall pay,
Methinks may well content my lay.

O D E XX.

THIS ſcene how rich from Thames's ſide,
While evening ſuns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glaſſy-ſurfac'd tide,
And 'midſt the maſts and cordage gleam;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green paſtures ſtretch'd around,
And gild the ſlope of that high ground,
Whoſe cornfields bright the proſpect bound*!

The white ſails glide along the ſhore,
Red ſtreamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the daſhing oar,
And wide their various freight convey;

* Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the North ſide of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

Some

Some Neptune's hardy thoughtleſs train,
And ſome the careful ſons of gain,
And ſome the enamour'd nymph and ſwain
Liſtening to muſic's ſoothing ſtrain.

But there, while theſe the ſight allure,
Still Fancy wings her flight away,
To woods recluſe, and vales obſcure,
And ſtreams that ſolitary ſtray;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling ſprings diſtill,
The meads that quivering aſpins fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuſe a rich perfume
That hovers in the ſoft calm air;
The hedge-row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,

To hear the ſkylark's airy ſong,
And throſtle's note ſo clear and ſtrong.

But ſay, if there our ſteps were brought,
Would theſe their pow'r to pleaſe retain?
Say, would not reſtleſs, roving thought
Turn back to buſy ſcenes again?
O ſtrange formation of the mind!
Still, tho' the preſent fair we find,
Still tow'rds the abſent thus inclin'd,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

ODE XXI.

WRITTEN AFTER A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

THEE, Bristol, oft my thoughts recal,
Thy Kingsdown brow and Brandon hill;
The space, once circled by thy wall,
Which tow'rs and spires of churches fill;
And masts and sails of vessels tall,
With trees and houses intermingled still!

From Clifton's rocks how grand the sight,
When Avon's dark tide rush'd between!
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide-spread watry scene,
Her waves with trembling sunshine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them rising green!

To

To Mendip's ridge how ſtretch'd away
My view, while Fancy ſought the plain
Where Blagdon's groves ſecluded lay,
And heard my much-lov'd Poet's ſtrain*!
Ah! why ſo near, nor thither ſtray
To meet the friend I ne'er ſhall meet again?

Occaſion's call averſe to prize,
Irreſolute we oft remain—
She ſoon irrevocably flies,
And then we mourn her flown in vain;
While Pleaſure's imag'd forms ariſe,
Whoſe fancied loſs Regret beholds with pain.

And Briſtol! why thy ſcenes explore,
And why thoſe ſcenes ſo ſoon reſign,
And fail to ſeek the ſpot that bore
That wonderous tuneful Youth of thine,

* The late ingenious Dr. John Langhorne, then reſident at Blagdon, near Briſtol.

The

The Bard*, whoſe boaſted ancient ſtore
Roſe recent from his own exhauſtleſs mine†!

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
Though Learning made him not her choice,
The Muſe ſtill placed him at her ſide,
And bade him in her ſmile rejoice—
Deſcription ſtill his pen ſupplied,
Pathos his thought, and Melody his voice!

Conſcious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But Fame, regardleſs, paſs'd him by,
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care:
The Sun of Hope forſook his ſky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare!

* Chatterton.

† This is at leaſt the Author's opinion, notwithſtanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other ſide of the queſtion. The laſt line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Maſon in his Elegy to a young Nobleman:

" See from the depths of his exhauſtleſs mine
" His glittering ſtores the tuneful ſpendthrift throws."

Then Poverty, grim ſpectre, roſe,
And horror o'er the proſpect threw—
His deep diſtreſs too nice to expoſe;
Too nice for common aid to ſue,
A dire alternative he choſe,
And raſhly from the painful ſcene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headſtrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boaſt the publick praiſe to ſhare,
The learn'd in deep reſearch engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who ſuperfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd?
O why not ſnatch'd his deſperate hand?
His foot on Fate's dread brink not ſtay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new SHAKESPEARE or new MILTON paid?

For

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft inſenſibly my way,
To where, at midnight's ſilent hour,
The creſcent moon's ſlow-weſtering ray
Pours full on REDCLIFF's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of grey.

'Midſt Toil and Commerce ſlumbering round,
Lull'd by the riſing tide's hoarſe roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view ſad-wandering by the ſhore,
With ſtreaming tears, and notes of mournful ſound,
Too late their hapleſs Bard, untimely loſt, deplore.

ODE XXII.

TO CRITICISM.

FAIR Nymph! of Taſte and Learning born,
Whom Truth's and Candour's gifts adorn,
The Muſe's friend! to thee ſhe ſings:
Accept the grateful verſe ſhe brings.
When Genius, ranging Nature o'er,
Collects his tributary ſtore,
What Matter's tract immenſe ſupplies,
Or wide in Mind's vaſt region lies,
And every thought with ſkill combines,
And all tranſmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture ſparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy ſolemn voice on high;
Thy comment ſtill his work purſues,
The plan explains, the ſtyle reviews,
And marks its ſtrength, and marks its eaſe,
And tells us why and how they pleaſe.

And when, perhaps, diſdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of ſuch thy ſight ſurveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er diſplays,
But hints, as ſpots that dim the ſun,
Or rocks that future ſails ſhould ſhun.

'Twas Thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her Sage * allur'd to rove;
'Twas Thee to whom in Tadmor's bowers,
Her Stateſman † vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas Thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her Bard ‡ in careleſs meaſures ſung;
'Twas Thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd, to teach her tuneful train,
When DRYDEN's age, by thee inſpir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd;
And POPE, intent on higher praiſe,
So poliſh'd all his pleaſing lays;

* Ariſtotle. † Longinus. ‡ Horace.

And now, by Thee, our favour'd coaſt
A WARTON, HURD, and BURKE can boaſt;
And Her, whoſe pen from Gallic rage
Defended SHAKESPEARE's injur'd page *.

Give me, bright Power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to Merit's modeſt brow:
And when the Muſe her preſence deigns,
And prompts my own unſtudied ſtrains,
Inſtruct me them, with view ſevere,
To inſpect, and keep from error clear;
Nor ſpare, though fancy'd e'er ſo fine,
One ill-placed thought, or uſeleſs line.

* The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has ſo ably vindicated Shakeſpeare from the cavils of Voltaire.

ODE XXIII.

TO DISEASE.

DISEASE! Man's dread, relentleſs foe,
Fell ſource of fear, and pain, and woe!
O ſay, on what ill-fated coaſt
They mourn thy tyrant reign the moſt?
On Java's bogs, or Gambia's ſand,
Or Perſia's ſultry ſouthern ſtrand;
Or Egypt's annual-flooded plain,
Or Rome's neglected, waſte domain;
Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
And moſques and turrets creſcent-crown'd,
And from his high ſerail the ſultan hears
The wide Propontis' beating waves reſound *.

* *Byzantium:* Conſtantinople; ſubject to frequent viſitations of that dreadful fever, the plague.

I'll aſk no more—Our clime, tho' fair,
Enough thy tyrant reign muſt ſhare;
And lovers there, and friends, complain,
By Thee their friends and lovers ſlain:
And yet our Avarice and our Pride
Combine to ſpread thy miſchiefs wide;
While that the captive wretch confines,
To hunger, cold, and filth reſigns,—
And this the funeral pomp attends
To vaults, where mouldering corſes lie,—
Amid foul air thy form unſeen aſcends,
And like a vulture hovers in the ſky*.

* Alluding to the too frequent miſerable ſituation of priſoners of war, debtors, &c.; and the abſurd cuſtom of burying in churches; circumſtances contributing greatly to the propagation of Diſeaſe.

ODE XXIV.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE's grandeur in this ſounding ſtorm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other ſeem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, burſting now and then between,
The Moon's dim miſty orb is ſeen,
And caſts faint glimpſes on the green.

Beneath the blaſt the foreſts bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the ſhower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky ſhore,
Whoſe caverns echo to their roar.

The ſight ſublime enrapts my thought,
And ſwift along the paſt it ſtrays,
And much of ſtrange event ſurveys,
What Hiſtory's faithful tongue has taught,
Or Fancy form'd, whoſe plaſtic ſkill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my ſoul the ſcene enjoy,
That rends another's breaſt with pain?
O hapleſs he, who, near the main,
Now ſees its billowy rage deſtroy!
Beholds the foundering bark deſcend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his deareſt friend!

ODE XXV.

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O HASTE, ye hovering clouds, away,
Ye clouds ſo fleecy, dim, and pale,
Thro' which the Moon's obſtructed ray
Sheds this ſad whiteneſs o'er the vale!
Forbear, ye bells, that languid ſtrain!
The ſight, the ſound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the laſt look, and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms riſe,
The plagues of hapleſs human-kind!
Pale Fear, who unpurſued ſtill flies,
And ſtarts, and turns, and looks behind;

Rem orſe

Remorſe, whoſe own indignant aim
Deforms with uſeleſs wounds her frame;
Deſpair, whoſe tongue no ſpeech will deign,
Whoſe ghaſtly brow looks dark diſdain,
And bends from ſteep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And Rage, whoſe boſom inly burns,
While Reaſon's call he ſcorns to hear;
And Jealouſy, who ruthleſs turns
From ſuppliant Beauty's prayer and tear;
Revenge, whoſe thoughts tumultuous roll
To ſeek the poniard or the bowl;
And Phrenſy, wildly paſſing by,
With her chain'd arm and ſtarting eye,
And voice that with loud curſes rends the ſky!

Ambition, here, to heights of power
His courſe with daring ſtep purſues,
Tho' Danger's frown againſt him lour,
Tho' Guilt his path with blood beſtrews;

There

There Avarice graſps his uſeleſs ſtore,
Tho' Miſery's plaints his aid implore,
Tho' he, her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famiſh'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their laſt expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O ſpare, O ſpare!
Alas, your ear no prayers perſuade!
But, ah! if Man your reign muſt bear,
Sure Man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will Religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliſs beyond the tomb?
Yes, haply for her choſen train;
The reſt, they ſay, ſtern decrees ordain
To realms of endleſs night, and everlaſting pain*!

* The Author does not give theſe as his own ſentiments, but merely ſuch as the gloomy moment deſcribed might naturally ſuggeſt. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Chriſtians, is ſufficient to authoriſe its admiſſion into a Poem profeſſing to paint the dark ſide of things.

ODE XXVI.

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear, calm ſky,
With CYNTHIA's ſilver orb on high;
Delightful looks this ſmooth green ground,
With ſhadows caſt from cots around:
Quick-twinkling luſtre decks the tide;
And chearful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and caſtle walls,
That crown the ſpacious river's further ſide.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's ſtrain melodious trills;
And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the ſhepherd's tuneful ſong:
And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur ſwells,

And

And lively change of diſtant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the ſoften'd ſoul,
The paſſions feel their ſtrong controul:
While Fancy's eye, where'er it ſtrays,
A ſcene of happineſs ſurveys;
Thro' all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral ſees,
No Famine fell, nor dire Diſeaſe,
Nor War's infernal unrelenting ſtrife.

For theſe, behold a heavenly band
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair;
And Peace and Joy, a ſiſter pair:
And Kindneſs mild, their kindred Grace,
Whoſe brow ſerene complacence wears,
Whoſe hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vaſt range of animated ſpace!

Bleſt viſion! O for ever ſtay!
O far be Guilt and Pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with HIM, whoſe view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To general good our partial ill
Seems but a ſand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And ſome wiſe unknown purpoſe may fulfil.

ODE XXVII.

AFTER READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

TO Fancy's view what viſions riſe,
Remote amid yon azure ſkies!
What Goddeſs-form deſcends in air?
The Grecian Muſe, ſeverely fair!
What Sage is he, to whom ſhe deigns
Her lyre of elevated ſtrains?
The Bard of Tyne—his maſter hand
Awakes new muſic o'er the land;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach the unheeding throng.
What mean thoſe chryſtal rocks ſerene,
Thoſe laureate groves for ever green,

Thoſe Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
Of Freedom's ſons the happy ſeats!—
There dwell the Few who dared diſdain
The luſt of power and luſt of gain;
The Patriot names of old renown'd,
And thoſe in later ages found;
The Athenian, Spartan, Roman boaſt,
The pride of Britain's ſea-girt coaſt!
But, oh! what darkneſs intervenes!
But, oh! beneath, what different ſcenes!
What Matron ſhe, to grief reſign'd,
Beſide that ruin'd arch reclin'd?
Her ſons, who once ſo well could wield
The warrior-ſpear, the warrior-ſhield,
A turban'd Ruffian's ſcourge conſtrains
To toil on deſolated plains!—
And She who leans that column nigh,
Where trampled arms and eagles lie;

Whoſe

Whoſe veil eſſays her bluſh to hide,
Who checks the tear that haſtes to glide?
A mitred Prieſt's oppreſſive ſway
She ſees her drooping race obey:
Their vines unprun'd, their fields untill'd,
Their ſtreets with want and miſery fill'd.

And who is She, the Martial Maid
Along that cliff ſo careleſs laid,
Whoſe brow ſuch laugh unmeaning wears,
Whoſe eye ſuch inſolence declares,
Whoſe tongue deſcants, with ſcorn ſo vain,
On ſlaves of Ebro or of Seine?
What grieſly Churl*, what Harlot bold†,
Behind her, chains enormous hold?
Tho' Virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, ſhe will not, will not hear!
And now ſhe ſinks in ſleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.

* Avarice. † Luxury.

O what is He, his ghaſtly form,
So half obſcur'd in cloud and ſtorm,
Swift ſtriding on*?—beneath his ſtrides
Proud Empire's firmeſt baſe ſubſides;
Behind him dreary waſtes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

* Ruin.

THE

MEXICAN PROPHECY:

AN ODE.

DE SOLIS, in his Hiſtory of the Conqueſt of Mexico, informs us, that, on the approach of Cortez to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Motezuma ſent a number of magicians to attempt the deſtruction of the Spaniſh army. As the ſorcerers were practiſing their incantations, a dæmon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following Poem. The conqueſt of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumſtances of cruelty; but it produced the ſubverſion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a deteſtable religion of horrid rites and human ſacrifices.

Warriors! let the Wretches live!
Christians! pity and forgive!

THE

MEXICAN PROPHECY.

FROM Cholula's hoſtile plain *,
Left her treacherous legions ſlain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came;
High on Chalco's ſtormy ſteep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;
High the Hiſpanian banner rais'd,
Bore the Croſs in gold emblaz'd †.
Thick the gleaming ſpears appear'd,
Loud the neighing ſteeds were heard;
Flaſh'd the muſquets lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,

* Cholula was a large city, not far diſtant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after profeſſing friendſhip for the Spaniards, endeavoured to ſurpriſe and deſtroy them.

† The device on Cortes's ſtandard was the Sign of the Croſs. —Vide De Solis.

Echo'd from a thouſand caves,
Down to Tenuſtitan's waves *;—
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever-ſunny ſhore
Groves of palm and coco bore;
Maize-fields rich, ſavannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubà, Tezeùco fair,
Rear'd their ſhining roofs in air;
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd 'midſt the glaſſy tide,
Bright with gold, with ſilver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the ſight †.
From their poſt the war-worn band
Raptur'd view'd the happy land:

* Tenuſtitan, otherwiſe Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.

† The Spaniſh hiſtorians aſſert, that the walls and houſes of the Indian cities were compoſed of a peculiar kind of glittering ſtone or plaſter, which at a diſtance reſembled ſilver.

'Haſte to victory, haſte to eaſe,
'Mark the ſpot that gives us theſe!'
On the exulting heroes ſtrode,
Shunn'd the ſmooth inſidious road,
Shunn'd the rock's impending ſhade,
Shunn'd the expecting ambuſcade *.

Deep within a gloomy wood
MOTEZUME's magicians ſtood:
TLCÀTLEPÙCA's horrid form,
God of famine, plague, and ſtorm,
High on magic ſtones they rais'd;
Magic fires before him blaz'd;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence ſteams of ſulphur flew;

* The Indians had blocked up the uſual road to Mexico, and opened another broader, and ſmooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambuſh. Cortes diſcovered the ſtratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obſtructions. Being aſked by the Mexican ambaſſadors the reaſon of this procedure, he replied, that the Spaniards always choſe to encounter difficulties.

There,

There, while bleeding victims ſmok'd,
Thus his aid they loud invok'd:
'Miniſter ſupreme of ill,
'Prompt to puniſh, prompt to kill,
'Motezuma aſks thy aid!
'Foreign foes his realms invade;
'Vengeance on the ſtrangers ſhed,
'Mix them inſtant with the dead!
'By thy temple's ſable floor,
'By thy altar ſtain'd with gore,
'Stain'd with gore and ſtrew'd with bones,
'Echoing ſhrieks, and echoing groans!
'Vengeance on the ſtrangers ſhed,
'Mix them inſtant with the dead!'

Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their fauchions' blaze appear'd;
Alvarado ruſhing near,
Furious rais'd his glittering ſpear;

Calm,

Calm, OLMEDO mark'd the ſcene *,
Calm he mark'd, and ſtepp'd between:
'Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
'Weak attempts beneath your care;
'Warriors! let the wretches live!
'Chriſtians! pity, and forgive!'
Sudden darkneſs o'er them ſpread,
Glow'd the woods with duſky red;
Vaſt the Idol's ſtature grew,
Look'd his face of ghaſtly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
CORTES' veterans paus'd to hear,
Wondering all, tho' void of fear:
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!

* Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he ſeems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

'Doom'd

'Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
'Scenes of battle, ſcenes of woe!
'Who is he—O ſpare the ſight!—
'Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright?
'Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
'Chiefs and warriors proſtrate fall *.
'Reverence now to fury yields;
'Strangers o'er him ſpread your ſhields!
'Thick the darts, the arrows, fly;
'Hapleſs Monarch! he muſt die!
'Mark the ſolemn funeral ſtate
'Paſſing thro' the weſtern gate!
'Chàpultèqua's cave contains
'Mighty MOTEZUME's remains.
'Ceaſe the ſtrife! alas, 'tis vain!
'Myriads throng Otumba's plain;

* Motezuma, who was reſident in the Spaniſh quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, propoſed ſhewing himſelf to the people, in order to appeaſe the tumult. At his firſt appearance, he was regarded with veneration, which was ſoon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

'Wide

'Wide their feathery creſts they wave,
'All the ſtrong and all the brave*.
'Gleaming glory thro' the ſkies,
'See the Imperial ſtandard flies!
'Down by force reſiſtleſs torn;
'Off in haughty triumph borne.
'Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
'Fugitives the mountains ſpread.
'Mexico, 'tis thine to know
'More of battle, more of woe!—
'Bright in arms the ſtranger train
'O'er thy cauſeways move again.
'Bend the bow, the ſhaft prepare,
'Join the breaſtplate's folds with care;

* Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and ſurrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies, on every ſide, with indefatigable valour, he found himſelf overpowered by numbers; when, making one deſperate effort, with a few ſelect friends, he ſeized the imperial ſtandard, killed the general, and routed the army.

'Raiſe

'Raiſe the ſacrificial fire,
'Bid the captive youths expire *;
'Wake the ſacred trumpet's breath,
'Pouring anguiſh, pouring death †;
'Troops from every ſtreet repair,
'Cloſe them in the fatal ſnare;
'Valiant as they are, they fly,
'Here they yield, and there they die.
'Ceaſe the ſtrife! 'tis fruitleſs all,
'Mexico at laſt muſt fall!
'Lo! the dauntleſs band return,
'Furious for the fight they burn!
'Lo! auxiliar nations round,
'Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!

* De Solis relates, that the Mexicans ſacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards, whom they had taken priſoners, and whoſe cries and groans were diſtinctly heard in the Spaniſh camp, exciting ſentiments of horror and revenge in their ſurviving companions.

† The above author obſerves, that the Sacred Trumpet of the Mexicans was ſo called, becauſe it was not permitted to any but the prieſts to ſound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.

'Corſes

'Corſes fill thy trenches deep;
'Down thy temple's lofty ſteep
'See thy prieſts, thy princes thrown—
'Hark! I hear their parting groan!
'Blood thy Lake with crimſon dyes,
'Flames from all thy domes ariſe!
'What are thoſe that round thy ſhore
'Launch thy troubled waters o'er?
'Swift canoes that from the fight
'Aid their vanquiſh'd monarch's flight;
'Ambuſh'd in the reedy ſhade,
'Them the ſtranger barks invade;
'Soon thy lord a captive bends,
'Soon thy far-fam'd empire ends*;
'Otomèca ſhares thy ſpoils,
'Tlàſcalà in triumph ſmiles†.

* When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to eſcape in his canoes acroſs the Lake; but was purſued and taken priſoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spaniſh brigantines.

† The Otomies were a fierce, ſavage nation, never thoroughly ſubdued by the Mexicans. Tlaſcala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.

'Mourn,

'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
'Ceaſe your boaſt, O ſtranger band,
'Conquerors of my fallen land!
'Avarice ſtrides your van before,
'Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!
'Diſcord follows, breathing flame,
'Still oppoſing claim to claim †;
'Kindred Dæmons haſte along!
'Haſte, avenge my country's wrong!'

Ceas'd the voice with dreadful ſounds,
Loud as tides that burſt their bounds;
Roll'd the form in ſmoke away,
Amaz'd on earth th' exorciſts lay;
Pondering on the dreadful lore,
Their courſe the Iberians downward bore;
Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
And wide their enſigns fluttering in the gale.

† Alluding to the diſſenſions which enſued among the Spaniards, after the conqueſt of America.

EPISTLES.

The Grotto at Arnwell.

EPISTLE I.

THE GARDEN.

TO A FRIEND.

FROM Whitby's rocks ſteep riſing o'er the main,
From Eſka's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
Say, rove thy thoughts to Amwell's diſtant bow'rs,
To mark how paſs thy Friend's ſequeſter'd hours?

'Perhaps,' think'ſt thou, 'he ſeeks his pleaſing ſcenes
'Of winding walks, ſmooth lawns, and ſhady greens;
'Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
'And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,

'And the dark maple ſpreads its umbrage wide,
'And the white bench adorns the baſon ſide;
'At morn reclin'd, perhaps, he ſits to view
'The bank's neat ſlope, the water's ſilver hue.
'Where, 'midſt thick oaks, the ſubterraneous way
'To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
'Where gloſſy pebbles pave the varied floors,
'And rough flint-walls are deck'd with ſhells and ores,
'And ſilvery pearls, ſpread o'er the roofs on high,
'Glimmer like faint ſtars in a twilight ſky;
'From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleas'd retires,
'Indulging muſings which the place inſpires.
'Now where the airy octagon aſcends,
'And wide the proſpect o'er the vale extends,
'Midſt evening's calm, intent perhaps he ſtands,
'And looks o'er all that length of ſun-gilt lands,
'Of bright green paſtures, ſtretch'd by rivers clear,
'And willow groves, or oſier iſlands near.'

Alas,

Alas, my friend, how ſtrangely men miſtake,
Who gueſs what others moſt their pleaſure make!
Theſe garden ſcenes, which Faſhion o'er our plains
Spreads round the villas of our wealthy ſwains,
Tho' Envy grudge, or Friendſhip wiſh to ſhare,
They claim but little of their owners' care.

For me, my groves not oft my ſteps invite,
And far leſs oft they fail to offend my ſight:
In vain the ſenna waves its gloſſy gold,
In vain the ciſtus' ſpotted flowers unfold,
In vain the acacia's ſnowy bloom depends,
In vain the ſumach's ſcarlet ſpike aſcends,
In vain the woodbine's ſpicy tufts diſcloſe,
And green ſlopes redden with the ſhedding roſe:
Theſe neat-ſhorn hawthorns uſeleſs verdant bound,
This long ſtraight walk, that pool's unmeaning round,
Theſe ſhort-curv'd paths that twiſt beneath the trees,
Diſguſt the eye, and make the whole diſpleaſe.

'No ſcene like this,' I ſay, 'did Nature raiſe,
'BROWN's fancy form, or WALPOLE's * judgment
'praiſe;
'No prototype for this did I ſurvey
'In WOOLLETT's landſcapes †, or in MASON's lay.'

But might thy genius, Friend, an Eden frame,
Profuſe of beauty, and ſecure from blame;
Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,
Now loſt in gloom, and now with proſpect gay;
Now ſcreen'd with clumps of green, for wintry bow'rs;
Now edg'd with ſunny banks, for ſummer flow'rs;
Now led by chryſtal lakes with lilies dreſt,
Or where light temples court the ſtep to reſt—
Time's gradual change, or Tempeſt's ſudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.

* See Mr. Walpole's ingenious Hiſtory of the Modern Taſte in Gardening, at the end of the Fourth Volume of his Anecdotes of Painting.

† The above-named excellent Artiſt, ſeveral years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in ſome of our moſt celebrated modern gardens.

That

That tyrant oak, whoſe arms ſo far o'ergrow,
Shades ſome poor ſhrub that pines with drought below;
Theſe rampant elms, thoſe hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the ſpiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unſparing hand
Bade one vaſt ſwell of purple bloom expand,
Soon paſt its prime, ſhews ſigns of quick decay,
The naked ſtem, and ſcanty-cover'd ſpray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and Ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy ſoft magnolia mourns her blaſted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are ſeen.

But Diſcontent alone, thou'lt ſay, complains
For ill ſucceſs, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's ſway
What art, what power, can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, ſhort eaſe he ſometimes yields,
When my lone walk ſurrounds the rural fields;

There no paſt errors of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth, expended unrepaid:
There Nature dwells, and throws profuſe around
Each paſtoral ſight and every paſtoral ſound;
From Spring's green copſe, that pours the cuckoo's ſtrain,
And evening bleatings of the fleecy train,
To Autumn's yellow field, and clamorous horn *
That wakes the ſlumbering harveſters at morn.
There Fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
Sees o'er the ſcene ideal people riſe;
There calm Contentment, in his cot reclin'd,
Hears the grey poplars whiſper in the wind;

* There is a cuſtom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harveſt-men to and from work by the ſound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the Harveſt-Shouting, ſeems much on the decline. The latter could boaſt its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful ſtroke of Eaſtern Poetry, Iſaiah, chap. xvi: "I will water thee with my tears, O "Heſhbon and Elealeh; for the ſhouting for thy ſummer fruits, "and for thy harveſt, is fallen!"

There

There Love's ſweet ſong adown the echoing dale
To Beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
And there Devotion lifts his brow to Heaven,
With grateful thanks for many a bleſſing given.

Thus oft thro' Maylan's ſhady lane I ſtray,
Trace Ruſhgreen's paths, or Poſtwood's winding way;
Thus oft to Eaſtfield's airy height I haſte;
(All well-known ſpots thy feet have frequent trac'd!)
While Memory, as my ſight around I caſt,
Suggeſts the pleaſing thought of moments paſt;
Or Hope, amid the future, forms again
The dream of bliſs Experience broke in vain.

EPISTLE II.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

WHILE Thee, my Friend, the City's ſcenes detain,—
The chearful ſcenes where Trade and Pleaſure reign;
Where glittering ſhops their varied ſtores diſplay,
And paſſing thouſands crowd the public way;
Where Painting's forms and Muſic's ſounds delight,
And Faſhion's frequent novelties invite,
And Converſation's ſober ſocial hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers—
Far different ſcenes for us the country yields,
Deſerted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that theſe
Boaſt nought to charm the eye, the ear to pleaſe.

Tho'

Tho' here the Tyrant Winter holds command,
And bids rude tempeſts deſolate the land;
Sometimes the Sun extends his chearing beam,
And all the landſcape caſts a golden gleam:
Clear is the ſky, and calm and ſoft the air,
And thro' thin miſt each object looks more fair.

Then, where the villa rears its ſheltering grove,
Along the ſouthern lawn 'tis ſweet to rove:
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend,
And bright ſpruce firs like pyramids aſcend,
And round their tops, in many a pendent row,
Their ſcaly cones of ſhining auburn ſhow;
There the broad cedar's level branches ſpread,
And the tall cypreſs lifts its ſpiry head;
With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their gloſſy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimſon fruit diſplays,
And white viburnum * o'er the border ſtrays.

* *Viburnum.* That well-known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called Lauruſtinus.

Where

Where theſe from ſtorms the ſpacious greenhouſe
ſcreen,
Ev'n now the eye beholds a flow'ry ſcene;
There chryſtal ſaſhes ward the injurious cold,
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's ſunny cape ſupplies,
Or o'er the iſles of either India riſe.
While ſtrip'd geranium ſhows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance ſhed;
A moment ſtay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment ſtay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural ſcenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the ſteep bourn and 'croſs the level meads,
Soon mounts the opponent hill, and ſoon conveys
To where the farm its pleaſing group diſplays:
The ruſtic manſion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its graſs-plat ſquare;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide;
The ſtable's ſtraw-clad eves and clay-built ſide;

The

The cartſhed's roof, of rough-hewn roundwood made,
And looſe on heads of old ſere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that ſmooth-wrought poſts ſuſtain,
Where hungry vermin ſtrive to climb in vain;
And many an aſh that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that ſhelter o'er them throws.

Then round the moat we turn, with pales inclos'd,
And 'midſt the orchard's trees in rows diſpos'd,
Whoſe boughs thick tufts of miſletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy ſtalks intwine,
And on their arms the ſable berries ſhine):
Here oft the ſight, on banks beſtrewn with leaves,
The early primroſe' opening bud perceives;
And oft ſteep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brighteſt gold;
Here oft the red-breaſt hops along the way,
And 'midſt grey moſs explores his inſect prey;

Or

Or the green woodſpite* flies with outcry ſhrill,
And delves the ſere bough with his ſounding bill;
Or the rous'd hare ſtarts ruſtling from the brake,
And gaudy jays inceſſant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from ſtubbles nigh
The ſportſman's gun, and ſpaniel's yelping cry.

And now the covert ends in open ground,
That ſpreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll thro' the ruſſet herd-forſaken meads;
There from the meads th' incloſures ſloping riſe,
And, 'midſt th' incloſures, duſky woodland lies;
While pointed ſpires and curling ſmokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unſeen.
And now,—for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the laſt remnants of the miſt away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the ſky:

* *Woodſpite.* The Green Woodpecker.—Vide Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, folio, p. 78.

To theſe the curious optic tube applied
Reveals each object diſtance elſe would hide;
There ſeats or homeſteads, plac'd in pleaſant ſhades,
Show their white walls and windows thro' the glades;
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r
(The clock's bright index points the paſſing hour);
There green-rob'd huntſmen o'er the ſunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chace withdrawn,
And ploughs ſlow-moving turn the broad champaign,
And on ſteep ſummits feed the fleecy train.

But wintry months few days like theſe ſupply,
And their few moments far too ſwiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To ſheltering rooms th' unwilling ſtep detain;
Yet there, my Friend, ſhall liberal Science find
Amuſement various for th' inquiring mind.

While Hiſtory's hand her ſanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;

Plague

Plague thins the ſtreet, and Famine blaſts the plain,
War wields his ſword, Oppreſſion binds his chain;
Curioſity purſues the unfolding tale,
Which Reaſon blames, and Pity's tears bewail.

While Fancy's powers the eventful novel frame,
And Virtue's care directs its conſtant aim;
As Fiction's pen domeſtic life portrays,
Its hopes and fears and joys and griefs diſplays;
By GRANDISON's or CLINTON's * ſtory mov'd,
We read delighted, and we riſe improv'd.

Then with bold Voyagers our thought explores
Vaſt tracts of ocean and untrodden ſhores;
Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aſpire,
Or red volcanos ſhoot their ſtreams of fire:
Now ſeeks ſweet iſles, where lofty palm-groves wave,
And cany banks tranſlucent rivers lave;
Where Plenty's gifts luxuriant load the ſoil,
And Eaſe repoſes, charm'd with Beauty's ſmile.

* Vide The Fool of Quality, a well-know[illegible] novel, by Mr. Henry Brooke, author of Guſtavus Vaſa, &c.

Such,

Such, hapleſs Cook*! amid the ſouthern main,
Roſe thy Ta-heitè's peaks and flowery plain;—
Why, daring Wanderer! quit that bliſsful land,
To ſeek new dangers on a barbarous ſtrand?
Why doom'd, ſo long eſcap'd from ſtorms and foes,
Upon that ſtrand thy dying eyes to cloſe;
Remote each place by habit render'd dear,
Nor Britiſh friends nor Otaheitean near?

Nor leſs than books the Engraver's works invite,
Where paſt and diſtant come before the ſight;
Where, all the Painter's lively tints convey'd,
The ſkilful Copyiſt gives in light and ſhade:
While faithful views the proſpect's charms diſplay,
From coaſt to coaſt, and town to town, we ſtray;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the ſpeaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the ſmiles that high-born beauties wore.

* This celebrated Circumnavigator, after ſurmounting numerous difficulties, and eſcaping many dangers, was at length ſlain by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, a little iſland in the Pacific Ocean.

Ceaſe theſe to pleaſe? Philoſophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diverſion blends;
The Sun's vaſt ſyſtem in a model ſhows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to ſight expoſe;
Conſtructs machines, whoſe wond'rous powers declare
The effects of light, and properties of air;
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their uſe inquires.
O Nature! how immenſe thy ſecret ſtore,
Beyond what ev'n a PRIESTLEY can explore!

Such, Friend, the employments may his time divide,
Whom rural ſhades from ſcenes of buſineſs hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noiſe and nonſenſe of the paſſing day*!

* A ſhort Epiſtle, partly on the ſame plan as the foregoing, was, ſome years ago, inadvertently ſuffered to appear in a Collection of Poems, by Several Hands, publiſhed by G. Pearch.—Such lines of that Piece, as were thought worth preſervation, are here retained.

AN

ESSAY

ON

PAINTING.

The Author had conceived a deſign of writing a pretty extenſive Poem on the ſubject of Painting, long before Mr. Hayley's ingenious "Poetical Epiſtle to an Eminent Painter" appeared. That performance anticipated and precluded part of his intended Work, but ſeemed not to render the ſuppreſſion of the following Lines neceſſary.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

FROM ſunny Adria's ſea-ſurrounded towers,
From Tyber's vales and Arno's viny bowers,
The Muſe of Painting ſeeks Britannia's plain,
And leads to Thames's bank her favourite train:
There, where a nation's wealth her dome has plac'd,
With her kind Siſter's † Attic beauties grac'd,
She, like the Spring, as liberal and as gay,
Bids her rich hand its annual ſtores diſplay;
And mimic Being glowing round the walls,
From ſcene to ſcene the rapt attention calls.

† Architecture.

There, where the Public gives the palm of praiſe,
And only Merit to renown can raiſe,
Doubtleſs, my Friend, the juſt ambition 's thine
To ſee thy future works diſtinguiſh'd ſhine.
Hear then thy Poet's monitory lay,
That hints not uſeleſs may perchance convey:
No artiſt I, like Him of Gallia's ſhore *,
Whoſe pencil practis'd, ere he taught his lore;
Yet Taſte incites me others' works to view,
And riſk a judgment haply not untrue.

Were Painting's path my pleaſing road to fame,
The choice of ſubject much my care ſhould claim;
His graphic power he ſure but ill beſtows,
Who beſt a trifle's nice reſemblance ſhows.
Tho' the rich tints ſo finely blended fall,
When carps and pheaſants deck the rural hall,

* C. A. Du Freſnoy, a well-known French Painter; author of a Latin poem, De Arte Graphica.

That

That oft, like ZEUXIS' grapes, they ſcarcely fail
To tempt to touch the feather or the ſcale,—
Yet not ev'n ELMER'S* ſkill can make us prize
What every field or every pond ſupplies;
Regret gives pain to view ſuch wonderous art
Tried on no theme that intereſts the heart.

The pride of Genius ſhould thy hand reſtrain
From all that Life's inferior ranks contain†;
Thy conſcious pallet ne'er its hues ſhould ſpare
To draw a ſportſman's hound or racer's mare;
Nor thy reluctant crayon ſtoop to trace
A fool's dull eye, or villain's ill-mark'd face.

* The Author muſt here once for all remark, that whatever he may ſay reſpecting the works of any Painter is ſolely the reſult of impartial, though poſſibly miſtaken opinion. He cannot be miſled by friendſhip; for, excepting a ſlight acquaintance with thoſe amiable characters, Mr. Weſt and Mrs. Kauffman, he has not the pleaſure of knowing any Artiſt whoſe name he has taken the liberty to mention.

† This is meant only of ſuch objects, when conſidered as the principal ſubject of a picture. Almoſt every claſs of animals may be occaſionally introduced as ornaments in landſcape, and often in hiſtory.

But deem not Portrait's gifts I mean to
ſlight,—
Portrait, the ſource of many a pure delight!
When Bards' or Sages' works our wiſhes fire
To ſee their forms whoſe minds we there admire,
The featur'd canvas full to view diſplays
Reaſon's deep calm or Fancy's glowing rays.
When Beauty's charms their varied graces wear,
Love's gentle ſmile, or Mirth's vivacious air,
The pleaſing image ſtrikes remoteſt climes,
And goes unalter'd down to diſtant times.
When Death's relentleſs hand in duſt has laid
The ſchool-companion, or the firſt-lov'd maid;
The father kind, with filial awe rever'd;
The tender mother, by her cares endear'd;
When from our arms the darling child is torn,
Or when the huſband or the wife we mourn—
As on their picture many a glance we caſt,
Remembrance wanders to the vaniſh'd paſt;

Our

Our thoughts o'er numberleſs minutiæ roll,
And pain-mix'd pleaſure ſolaces the ſoul.
To Portrait's ſtudy ſhould thy choice incline,
Ev'n there to aim at excellence be thine;
And ſtrive to reach the point that few can gain,
Preſerve the likeneſs, yet the ſpirit retain.

Of Landſcape's province wide extends the range,
From the deep vale and humble rural grange,
To Cambrian heaths ſublimely brown and bare *,
Or Alpine ice-points glittering white in air:
And not from Nature only ſhe deſigns,
But different parts of different ſcenes combines;
Or new creations of her own ſhe forms,
Illumes with ſunſhine, or involves in ſtorms †.

* That celebrated artiſt, Mr. Wilſon, has painted a ſet of beautiful Views from Nature, in different parts of Wales.

† Theſe circumſtances, termed by the Painters *Accidents of Nature*, often agreeably diverſify landſcape.

Familiar

Familiar proſpects would thy hand beſtow?
Mark what our hay-fields and our hop-grounds ſhow;
Where in neat rows the ruſſet cocks are ſeen,
Or from tall poles depend feſtoons of green;
And long ſtraight paths in perſpective extend,
And yellow ſandhills cloſe behind aſcend*.
Nor ſweeter contraſt ſure can meet the eye
Than village lanes in vernal months ſupply,
When amber clouds, in ſky of ſoft bright blue,
Hang o'er the copſe juſt crown'd with verdure new;
Or where the orchard's ſun-gilt branches ſpread
Their bloom of white or faintly-bluſhing red.
The faireſt ſcenes, when peopled, look more fair,
But theſe to people aſks peculiar care:
We wiſh not here for VIRGIL's claſſic ſwains,
Nor Dryad nymphs light tripping o'er the plains;

* For this imagery the Author is indebted to Mr. Walpole, who, in his Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv. p. 65, propoſes our hay-fields and hop-grounds as new ſubjects of landſcape.

Nor yet the grinning Hobbinols of GAY,
Nor cottage Marians in their torn array:
The ruſtic life, in every varied place,
Can boaſt its few of beauty and of grace;
From them ſelect the forms that moſt may pleaſe,
And clothe with ſimple elegance and eaſe:
Such forms in SMITH's * delightful ſpots we prize,
And ſuch in SANDBY's pleaſant fields ariſe.

The obſervant Artiſt much from travel gains;
Increaſe of knowledge well rewards his pains.
Now his pleas'd eye o'er Tuſcan proſpects roves,
Their ſunny corn-fields and their cypreſs groves;
Their roads, where ſports from tree to tree the vine,
And thro' broad leaves its chryſtal cluſters ſhine †;
Their white Caſines, with olive groves around;
And glittering cliffs with towns and caſtles crown'd.

* The late Mr. George Smith of Chicheſter.

† The hedgerow trees in Tuſcany are covered with vines.—Vide Smollet's Travels, vol. ii. p. 46.

Now

Now his pleas'd ſtep a wider circuit tries,
Where Nile's vaſt flood on Egypt's level lies;
While 'midſt the tide tall palms their tops uprear,
And cauſeways broad and cities fair appear *.
Now Indian climes he eaſt or weſt explores,
Quits the dull factory and the ſandy ſhores †,
Climbs craggy hills, pervades romantic woods,
Or winds along the cataracts of the floods;
Thro' beaſts and birds and inſects, fruits and flow'rs,
In ſhape and colour all diſtinct from ours;
Or ſtrays o'er iſles that ſpicy vales unfold,
'Midſt ſkies of glory and 'midſt ſeas of gold;
Such ſkies, ſuch ſeas, as HODGES' pencil drew,
And round the rocks of Ulitea threw ‡.

* Vide Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, 18mo. vol. i. p. 22.

† Several of our Artiſts have attended to this circumſtance of foreign ſcenery. The ingenious Mr. George Robertſon has painted ſeveral fine romantic Views in Jamaica, which have been engraved.

‡ Several beautiful Landſcapes, taken in different parts of the New Diſcovered Iſlands, by Mr. Hodges, who attended Captain Cook in one of his Voyages, muſt be well remembered by thoſe who attend the annual Exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Whate'er

Whate'er we copy, or whate'er we feign,
Thro' all the piece one character ſhould reign:
When CLAUDE's bright morn on Mola's precincts dawns,
What ſweet quieſcence marks the groves and lawns!
How calm his herds among the ruins graze!
How calm his curious peaſant ſtands to gaze*!
When bold SALVATOR under turbid ſkies
Bids his ſcath'd hills and blaſted trees ariſe,
Behind wild rocks bids his wild ſtreams be loſt,
And from vaſt cliffs ſhews broken fragments toſt;
'Midſt them no ſhepherds lead their flocks along,
Nor village maidens ſeem to tune their ſong;
But ſolemn augurs flights of birds ſurvey,
Or ſtern-eyed robbers wait the paſſing prey†.

* Vide a beautiful Engraving, by Vivarez, from a capital Picture of Claude Lorrain, called the Morning, in which he introduces himſelf drawing an antique temple on the banks of the Tyber, between Ponte Mola and Rome.

† Vide Salvator Roſa's Landſcapes, engraved by Goupy. See alſo Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 175.

In

In Rubens' foreſt, when the wounded boar,
Plung'd in the ſtream, attempts the further ſhore,
How the fierce dogs retard his aukward ſpeed!
How the fierce hunters urge the ſtraining ſteed!
And eager one the winged arrow ſends,
And one firm-fix'd the expectant ſpear protends *.

To Hiſtory's group, where paſſion'd thought expreſt
Strikes kindred feelings on the gazer's breaſt,—
To Hiſtory's group, the epic of thy art,
Proceed we now, and what we can, impart.

The mighty Maſters of Italian name
All Rome, all Florence, and Bologna claim;
Whoſe freſco forms ſtill animate their walls,
Whoſe living canvas decks their domes and halls:
What various powers for theſe their glory won,
And what of theirs to chuſe, and what to ſhun,

* Vide Rubens's Landſcape of boar-hunting, engraved by Bolſwert.

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Reynolds much in proſe has told,
And more my verſe pretends not to unfold.
Theſe ſtill thy ſtudy but with caution make,
Nor prize the picture for the Painter's ſake;
Raffaelle himſelf, beneath himſelf oft fell,
And meaner hands' beſt works his worſt excel *.

'Tis General Nature, in thy art and mine,
Muſt give our fame in future times to ſhine:
Sublime and pathos, like the Sun's fix'd flame,
Remain, and pleaſe thro' every age the ſame;
Humour's light ſhapes, like vapours in the ſky,
Riſe, paſs, and vary, and for ever fly:
Hogarth and Swift, if living, might deplore
Half their keen jokes, that now are jokes no more.

* For this aſſertion the Author has the higheſt authority, viz. that of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. "I have no deſire," ſays he, "to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank he deſervedly holds; "but, in comparing him with himſelf, he does not appear to me "to be the ſame man in Oil as in Freſco."—Diſcourſes, p. 165.

What

What Truth's rich page of real event ſupplies,
What Fancy's powers of fabled act deviſe,
Before thee lie—but where the field ſo wide,
There Judgment's hand Selection's ſtep muſt guide.

To Horror's forms the mind averſion feels,
To SPANIOLET'S* flay'd ſaints and torturing wheels;
Nor praiſe for nauſeous images we win,
For SPENSER'S Error, or for MILTON'S Sin.

Mythology, that Greek enchantreſs, long
Has reign'd the idol of the painting throng:
But Reaſon's thought diſdains OVIDIAN dreams
Abſurd, of nymphs transform'd to trees and ſtreams;
And Virtue HOMER'S wanton gods abhors,
With all their lewd amours and all their idle wars.

* *Spaniolet.* Gioſeppe Ribera, a native of Valencia in Spain. He was noted for painting horrid ſubjects; ſuch as Prometheus with the Vulture feeding on his liver; Ixion tortured on the wheel; and St. Bartholomew with the ſkin flayed from his body. —Vide Dryden's Tranſlation of Freſnoy, p. 352.

The

The Battle's conflicts ample ſcope beſtow
The effects of fury, fear, and pain to ſhow;
As different features theſe unlike expreſs,
The contraſt's force affects us more or leſs.
But here Confuſion holds his crowded reign,
And the tir'd eye attempts to reſt in vain;
And o'er the ſcene Humanity complains,
Where mangled corſes lie, and blood the land diſtains.
When in the fore-ground kings or generals ſtand,
Direct the attack, or head the charging band,
Their graceful forms we unconcern'd ſurvey,
Who fight for conqueſt, or who fight for pay:
Nor in their poſtures can there much be prais'd,
Their piſtols levell'd, or their fauchions rais'd;
And to dull ſameneſs here ſo oft we fall,
That who beholds one piece, beholds them all.
But War's dire field, not all confin'd to theſe,
Affords us often incidents that pleaſe:

For oft the Hiſtorian's, oft the Poet's art,
Can win our wiſhes on ſome hero's part;
His country nam'd, his place and parents known,
Our buſy thought his perils makes its own.
To fierce PELIDES, 'midſt Scamander's waves,
When young LYCAON's voice for pity craves *;
The Chief's ſtern brow, and lance ſuſpended high,
The Youth's bent knee and deprecating eye,
Not WEST's rich pencil need diſdain to trace,
Or ROMNEY's ſtroke with glowing colours grace.
When DITHYRAMBUS, on Oëta's plain,
Mourns the brave Perſian whom his hand has ſlain,
Nor marks his danger from the approaching foe,
Nor his bold friend prepar'd to ward the blow;

* Vide the Iliad, book xxi.--This ſtory of Lycaon is perhaps one of the moſt affecting paſſages in the whole Poem. Vide Pope's Note, vol. v. p. 208. of his Tranſlation. The countenance of Achilles, at the moment when the death of Patroclus, occurring to his thought, determined him to kill Lycaon, would afford a fine expreſſion:

"Talk not of life or ranſom, he replies;
"Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies."

In

In one what grief, in one what vengeful rage,
In one what ardour, might the ſight engage*!

The gentle KAUFFMAN's traits can beſt declare
The ſentimental feelings of the Fair,
When ſoft ERMINIA in the ſylvan ſhade
Leaves TANCRED's name on every tree diſplay'd†;
Or kind LOUISA pens the friendly ſcroll,
To ſooth the mournful ſiſter of her ſoul‡.

* Vide Leonidas, book viii. l. 355.

" He ended, ruſhing furious on the Greek,
" Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
" While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
" The laſt embraces of his gaſping friend,
" Stood nigh reclin'd in ſadneſs on his ſhield,
" And in the pride of victory repin'd.
" Unmark'd his foe approach'd. But forward
" ſprung
" Diomedon. Before the Theſpian youth
" Aloft he rais'd his targe——"

† Vide Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered.

‡ See Emma Corbett, an intereſting novel, by Mr. S. I. Pratt, Vol. i. Letter 34.

The ſame ſkill'd hand more ſtrong expreſſion tries,
At EDWARD's feet when WOODVILLE's daughter lies*;
Or, 'midſt the admiring weeping train around,
Fond ELEANORA ſucks the poiſon'd wound †.
Delightful Artiſt!—Grace her pencil guides,
And Delicacy o'er its ſtroke preſides!
The immortal Swans, appointed to redeem
Genius and Worth from Lethe's ſilent ſtream,
Pleas'd with their charge ſhall bear her medall'd name
To the fair Prieſteſs of the fane of Fame ‡.
Such tender ſubjects, if thy choice they gain,
Enough for thee as yet untouch'd remain.

* See the ſtory of Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, ſuing to Edward IV. for reſtitution of her lands.—Rapin, vol. i. p. 601.

† The well-known ſtory of Eleanor of Caſtile, queen of Edward I., ſucking the poiſon from her huſband's arm, when he was wounded by an aſſaſſin in Paleſtine.

‡ See a Painting of Mrs. Kauffman's, from a paſſage in Arioſto, where ſwans are introduced bringing the names of ingenious perſons, inſcribed on medals, to a nymph who depoſits them in the Temple of Fame.

Now

Now from the page of RICHARDSON beſtow
On CLEMENTINA's face the lines of woe;
Or let ſweet HARRIET's livelier beauty wear
The ſoul-fraught eye and apprehenſive air;
Or draw the proud OLIVIA's rage-fluſh'd charms,
When the calm Hero ſeiz'd her deadly arms;
And paint that Hero, firm in trial prov'd,
Unaw'd by Danger, and by Vice unmov'd *.
To STERNE's ſoft Maniac let thy hand impart
The languid cheek, the look that pierc'd his heart,
When to her Virgin Saint the veſper ſong ſhe rais'd,
Or earneſt view'd him as he ſat and gaz'd †.

Mark,

* The Hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, vol. iv. p. 176. The interview between Grandiſon and Olivia, at the inſtant of his ſeizing her poniard, would make a noble picture. This work of Richardſon's abounds with fine ſituations. Brooke's Fool of Quality, and the Adventurer of Hawkeſworth, are alſo books worthy the peruſal of an artiſt who wiſhes for choice of intereſting incidents.

† This ſubject has been attempted by ſeveral ingenious artiſts, who have given very pleaſing figures; but perhaps none that convey the preciſe idea of Sterne. This author being

Mark, if thou can'ſt, Philanthropy divine,
That ſwells the breaſt and bids the features ſhine,
When the tear gliſtening ſtarts from Toby's eyes
Fix'd on the couch where poor Le Fevre dies.

The Grecian claſſics' venerable lore
I ſee thee often diligent explore;
What Homer's Muſe to Chian cities taught,
Or Pity's Prieſt * to Athens' audience brought.
Methinks, now riſing from thy plaſtic hand,
Troy's hoary Monarch ſhall a ſuppliant ſtand;
To ſtern Achilles all his griefs explain,
And aſk his Hector's corſe, nor aſk in vain †.

being mentioned, a trite obſervation muſt be indulged, viz. That there probably never was a more ſtriking inſtance of miſ-application of talents than in him. With ſuperior powers for the pathos, he choſe to deſcend to ribaldry, that affronted the taſte and corrupted the morals of the Public. What pity that the gold had not been ſeparated from the droſs, and the latter conſigned to that oblivion it ſo richly merits!

* Euripides; termed ſo by Collins.

† Vide the Iliad, book xxiv.

Now

Now Jove's kind Son to Thebes's ſorrowing King
Shall his reſtor'd unknown Alcestis bring;
Admetus' eyes his anguiſh'd thoughts declare,
And turn'd diſguſted from the proffer'd Fair *.

The Dark Sublime of extra-natural ſcènes
The vulgar magic's puerile rite demeans;
Where hags their caldrons fraught with toads prepare,
Or glide on broomſticks thro' the midnight air.
Chain'd on the rock let bold Prometheus lie,
And caſt wild looks, upbraiding, to the ſky †;
Bid Milton's Satan from the burning ſteep
Call his wide legions, ſlumbering on the deep;
Or Camoens' Spirit of the Cape upraiſe,
And ſhow him only by the lightning's blaze;

* Vide the Alceſtis of Euripides. Hercules reſtores to life Alceſtis, the deceaſed wife of Admetus, and brings her to her huſband, diſguiſed with a veil, and repreſented as a ſtranger; whom Admetus, in the height of diſtreſs for the loſs of his beloved conſort, refuſes to admit into his palace.

† See the Prometheus of Æſchylus.

Or place ſad HOSIER's Ghoſt amid the tide,
Where by the pale Moon anchor'd navies ride *.

O where is He, whoſe thought ſuch grandeur gave
To bold FITZWALTER and the barons brave,
When, rang'd in arms along their Thames's ſtrand,
They ſnatch'd their charter from a tyrant's hand †?
Thro' all the ſcenes his rapid ſtroke beſtow'd,
ROSA's wild grace and daring ſpirit glow'd;
In him—ah loſt ere half his powers were ſhown!—
Britain perhaps an ANGELO had known!

Wouldſt thou his honours emulous purſue,
And give the Patriot Energy to view,—
Deep in the gloom of Dalecarlia's mine,
Bid Freedom's flame in VASA's viſage ſhine ‡;

* See that admirable ſong, intitled Hoſier's Ghoſt; by the Author of Leonidas.

† Vide the late Mr. Mortimer's Picture of King John delivering Magna Charta to the Barons. That ingenious Artiſt's obvious powers of imagination promiſed the attainment of a high degree of excellence in his profeſſion.

‡ Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa, act i. ſc. 2. where Guſtavus diſcovers himſelf to Anderſon and Arnoldus in the copper-mines of Dalecarlia. See another fine ſubject in the ſame Tragedy, act iv. ſcene xi.

The

The paſs of fam'd Thermopylæ diſplay,
And Sparta's Monarch's port auguſt pourtray *.

For Pontiffs and for Kings, the Painter's ſkill
From Sacred Story toils their walls to fill;
Where'er we turn, its ſubjects ſtrike the eye,
And few untried are left for us to try.
Yet who has JEPTHAH's matchleſs woe expreſt,
By his lov'd Daughter's ſudden ſight diſtreſt;
Or ſhewn the Patriarchs, ſtruck with wild amaze,
As on the Viceroy's hidden cup they gaze †?

* Vide Leonidas, book x. where the Hero of the Poem repeats to the aſſembled council the meſſage of Argeſtes; while Alpheus, at the ſame inſtant, brings news of the Perſians having paſſed the Upper Strait. This would make a noble picture; the dauntleſs appearance of the Greeks might be well contraſted with the fear and ſhame of the ambaſſador of Xerxes.—The Banquet of Meliſſa, Prieſteſs of the Muſes, where Leonidas and Æſchylus are ſuppoſed preſent, book vii. is another fine ſubject. Such pictures would hardly be popular; but to ſome minds they would afford ſingular pleaſure.

† The Author does not recollect ſeeing or hearing of any celebrated picture on thoſe intereſting ſubjects, of Jepthah's return, and the diſcovery of Joſeph's cup in the ſack of Benjamin.

Or

Or who, when ISRAEL's hoſts on Edom's plain
Deſpairing lie,—a thirſt-afflicted train!—
Has bade the Prophet and his minſtrel ſtand,
And call new waters o'er the burning ſand *?
When DAVID's chiefs, with generous thought inſpir'd,
Bring the clear wave his ſickening ſoul deſir'd;
What dignity might to his act be given,
The pure libation pouring out to Heaven †!

No more of Theme; Deſign muſt now ſucceed—
The mind's ſtrong picture when we hear or read ‡,
Where every perſon finds his proper place,
And turn of attitude and turn of face:

* Vide 2 Kings, chap. iii.——This ſubject would afford a variety of noble expreſſion in the different characters of the Kings, the pious confidence of Jehoſaphat, and the deſponding anxiety of Jehoram, the diſtreſs of the ſoldiers, and the enthuſiaſm of Eliſha. The ſtreams of water might appear in the diſtance, ſeemingly viſible only to the Prophet, from his ſituation.

† 2 Samuel, chap. xxiii.

‡ See Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 104.

The

The Artiſt's powers in this muſt greatly fail,
Whoſe figures point not out at once his tale *.
When Lyſtra's crowd around the Apoſtles throng,
And joyful lead the victim ox along;
Aſk we the cauſe, while He that cauſe explains,
Whoſe limb, late uſeleſs, ſtrength and uſe obtains †?
When West's young Warrior, bleeding on the ground,
His mournful group of martial friends ſurround;
Their gallant General inſtantly we know,
Their griefs, their cares, his life's importance ſhow;

* "That compoſition muſt be defective, which cannot, to a "careful obſerver, point out its own tendency; and thoſe ex- "preſſions muſt be either weak or falſe, which do not in "ſome degree mark the intereſt of each actor in the "drama."—Webb's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, preface, p. 8.

† Vide Raffaelle's St. Paul and Barnabas at Lyſtra. For the above obſervation and deſcription the Author is indebted to the ingenious "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting," p. 180.

Quebec's

Quebec's proud tower, the encountering troops between,
In diſtant view diſcriminates the ſcene *.

As in the Drama all events ſhould tend
In courſe unbroken to the purpos'd end;
So muſt the Picture's buſineſs ſtill maintain
The ſame connective unity of train.
When Copley's Youth, ſwift-ſtruggling thro' the wave,
The anxious boatmen ſtrain each nerve to ſave;
As ſtrives the ravenous ſhark to reach his prey,
One lifts the javelin to arreſt his way;
And now, as near his dreadful jaws expand,
One caſts the cord, and one extends the hand:
What care, what pity, mark their eager eyes!
What hopes, what terrors, in our boſoms riſe †!

* Vide Weſt's celebrated Picture of the Death of General Wolfe, engraved by Woollett.

† See Mr. Copley's Picture of a Youth reſcued by Sailors from a Shark in the Harbour of the Havannah. There is a fine Mezzotinto of this Piece by Green.

The ſkilful Painter, at whoſe option lie
Poſitions various, fails not all to try;
And thoſe prefers, where every part the beſt
Accordance keeps, illuſtrating the reſt.
By different modes effect he oft obtains;
To one Chief Figure now the attention gains;
Now force on Second Characters beſtows,
And all his meaning by reflection ſhows;
Now thro' the Whole, each rank, and ſex, and age,
One common ruling paſſion bids engage.

When RAFFAELLE'S SAVIOUR from the tomb aſcends,
Such majeſty and grace his preſence blends,
That the fix'd eye contemplates him alone,
Nor heeds the aſtoniſh'd guards around him thrown*.

When VANDYKE'S General, whoſe victorious ſpear
Sunk Perſia's pride, and check'd the Goth's career,

* Raffaelle's Picture of the Reſurrection of Chriſt; engraved by Vivarez and Grignion from a Drawing of Dalton.

Of

Of ſervice paid with indigence complains,
And ſightleſs age on daily alms ſuſtains;
As the young Chief the affecting ſcene ſurveys,
How all his form the emotion'd ſoul betrays!
'O thus has Fortune for the brave decreed?
'Of toils and dangers this at laſt the meed*?'
When Rome's fair Princeſs, who from Syria's ſhore
Her late-loſt Conſort's ſacred aſhes bore,
With ſteps ſlow-moving o'er Brunduſium's ſtrand,
Meets her lov'd friends--a numerous mourning band--
Her gentle frame no geſtures rude diſgrace,
No vulgar grief deforms her beauteous face;
Her downcaſt eyes immoveable remain,
Fix'd on the urn her careful hands ſuſtain.
The widow'd mother, by her garment's folds,
Cloſe on each ſide each tender offspring holds;
While Melancholy all the train o'erſhades
Of hoary warriors and of blooming maids;

* Vide the Beliſarius of Vandyke; engraved by Goupy and Scotin.

And

And all their breaſts with pity ſeem to heave,
And for the dead and for the living grieve *.

The Great Sublime with energy to expreſs
Exert thy utmoſt power, nor fear exceſs.
When Paſſion's tumults in the boſom riſe,
Inflate the features, and enrage the eyes;
To Nature's outline can we draw too true,
Or Nature's colours give too full to view?
Did Reynolds' hand with force too ſtrong diſcloſe
Thoſe looks that mark the unutterable woes,
When Ugoline the wretch in priſon lies,
And hears his dying children's piercing cries,
And while fell Hunger haunts the impervious walls,
And one by one the ſuffering victims calls,

* This capital Picture of Agrippina landing at Brunduſium, with the aſhes of Germanicus, is, in the Author's opinion, one of Mr. Weſt's moſt pleaſing compoſitions. There is a beautiful Print of it by Earlom.

Invokes

Invokes the lightning's bolt thoſe walls to rend,
Or earth to open, and his miſeries end *?

Our Bards indeed, I own, here often fail,
And ſpoil with bombaſt and conceit their tale;
Their heroes rant in many a curious ſtrain
Of thought, that none could think in anger or in pain.

Celeſtial ſcenes with caution muſt be tried,
Where Knowledge fails, and Fancy ſole can guide:
The Great Firſt Cauſe no form reveals to ſight,
We mark his preſence by exceſs of light †;
While angel ſhapes at eaſe on wing remain,
Or on thin clouds their airy ſteps ſuſtain.

* Vide Sir Joſhua Reynolds's excellent Picture of Count Ugolino and his Children in the Dungeon; where they were confined and ſtarved to death by the archbiſhop Ruggieri. This circumſtance is deſcribed by the Italian poet Dantè.

† The Author could not here omit cenſuring the practice of ſome celebrated Painters, who have preſumptuouſly and abſurdly repreſented the Supreme Being in the form of an Aged Man.

But tho', fair Painting! thus by juſt deſign,
And ſtrong expreſſion, much to pleaſe is thine;
Yet not from theſe thy utmoſt praiſes riſe,
For uſeful moral oft thy work ſupplies.
When, 'midſt Pouſſin's Arcadian vale ſerene,
The virgin's ſculptur'd monument is ſeen,
And the ſad ſhepherd pointing ſeems to ſay,
'O Death, no place is ſacred from thy ſway!'
Our mournful thoughts the well-known truth recal,
That Youth and Beauty oft untimely fall *.
On Carthage' plains when Marius meets the eye,
And the ſtern Prætor's mandate bids him fly;
Freſh from the view the ſtrong reflection ſprings,
How ſtrange the vaſt viciſſitude of things!

* Vide Pouſſin's Picture, called The Shepherds in Arcadia; engraved by Ravenet, in Mr. Boydell's Collection of Prints: Alſo the Abbé Du Bos's Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Muſic; and Dr. Warton's ingenious Eſſay on Didactic Poetry, in his Tranſlation of Virgil.

Rome's rival City to the duſt depreſt;
Her haughty Conſul there denied to reſt*!
When Perſia's Conqueror, 'midſt her female train,
Appears the chaſte, the generous, and humane;
His look, his action, on the mind impreſs
The needful knowledge how to bear ſucceſs†.

Thus may thy Art, O Friend, for ever prove
Of force, to Virtue, and from Vice, to move!
To Stateſmen, thoughtleſs on the heights of pow'r,
Mark WOLSEY's fall, or ſhow his final hour;
To Patriot eyes give MARVELL's calm diſdain,
When DANBY urg'd the tempting bribe in vain‡;

* There is a fine Picture of Mortimer's on this ſubject. The reply of Marius, to the meſſenger who came with orders for him to depart, was nobly conciſe and affecting: "Go, tell the Præ-"tor, thou haſt ſeen Marius ſitting on the ruins of Carthage."

† Vide Le Brun's Alexander in the Tent of Darius, engraved by Edelinck.

‡ See the Life of Andrew Marvell, in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

Or

Or bid the Inconſtant her own doom deplore
In the ſad exit of the hapleſs SHORE *.

Without the Enthéus Nature's ſelf beſtows,
The world no Painter nor no Poet knows:
But think not Mind in its own depth contains
A ſource of wealth that no diſburſement drains:
Quick Obſervation, ever on the wing,
Home, like the bee, its uſeful ſtores muſt bring;
From hills, and vales, and rocks, and ſtreams, and trees,
And towns, and all that people thoſe and theſe;
From meaneſt objects that may hints inſpire,
Diſcolour'd walls, or heaps of glowing fire †.
Care too beſide thee ſtill muſt take her place,
Retouch each ſtroke, and poliſh every grace;

* The interview between Shore and her Huſband, in the laſt ſcene of Rowe's Tragedy, would afford a fine Picture.

† Vide Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 61.

For when we join not dignity with eaſe,
Nor thou canſt paint, nor I can write, to pleaſe.

Perfection's point the Artiſt neareſt gains,
Who with his work unſatisfied remains:
Da Vinci's thought an excellence conceiv'd,
That his eye miſs'd in all his hand atchiev'd *.

The Clear-obſcure how happieſt to produce,
And what of various tints the various uſe,
My lay to that preſumes not to aſpire,
Nor with trite precept this thy ear ſhall tire:
Coreggio's practice that deſcribes the beſt;
In Fresnoy's theory this we find expreſt.

No rude incongruence ſhould thy piece diſgrace,
No motley modes of different time and place;
By Grecian chiefs no Gallic airs be worn †,
Nor in their hands be modern weapons borne;

* Vide Graham's Account of Painters, in Dryden's Freſnoy, p. 278.

† Vide Reynolds's Diſcourſes, p. 87.

Nor

Nor mix the creſted helm and coat of mail
With the vaſt curl'd peruke, or pointed tail.
And ſacred ever be the ſolemn ſcene
From baſe intruſion of burleſque and mean;
Nor in a Patriarch's or Apoſtle's ſight
Set ſnarling dogs and growling cats to fight.

One caution further muſt the Muſe impart;
Shun Naked Form, that ſcandal of thy art:
Even DRYDEN blames them who refuſe to ſpare
The painful bluſhes of the modeſt Fair.
Let Decency her veil of drapery throw,
And Grace diffuſe its folds in eaſy flow*.

And now, my Friend, for Thee may Fortune find
Employ congenial to thy liberal mind;

* Vide Dryden's Preface to his Tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, p. 22, &c. where the licence of Painters, in the above reſpect, is ſeverely cenſured.

Not taſks impos'd by power, or choſen for gain,
Begun reluctant, and purſued with pain.
What warms the heart, the hand with force reveals,
And all that force the charm'd ſpectator feels:
For Genius, piercing as the electric flame,
When wak'd in one, in others wakes the ſame.

SONNETS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The following Sonnets, and the Stanzas addreſſed to Mrs. Macaulay, appeared in Pearch's Collection of Poems, publiſhed in 1770. The remaining Pieces are now firſt printed.

South View of Ware from y.e Garden at Amwell.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT. 1766.

WHY aſks my Friend what cheers my paſſing day,
Where theſe lone fields my rural home incloſe,
That all the pomp the crowded City ſhows
Ne'er from that home allures my ſteps away?

Now thro' the upland ſhade I muſing ſtray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows;
Now in the meads on river banks repoſe,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay:

Now pleas'd I read the poet's lofty lay,
Where muſic fraught with uſeful knowledge flows;
Now DELIA's converſe makes the moments gay,
The Maid for love and innocence I choſe:
O Friend! the man who joys like theſe can taſte,
On vice and folly needs no hour to waſte.

SONNET II.

TO DELIA. 1766.

THRICE has the Year its varied circuit run,
And ſwiftly, DELIA, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for Thee my care begun,
To improve thy tender mind to ſcience prone.

The flatteries of my ſex I bade Thee ſhun,
I bade Thee ſhun the manners of thy own;
Fictitious manners, by example won,
That ill for loſs of innocence atone!

Say, generous Maiden, in whoſe gentle breaſt
Dwells ſimple Nature, undiſguis'd by Art,
Now amply tried by Time's unerring teſt,
How juſt the dictates of this faithful heart;
Which, with the joys thy favouring ſmiles impart,
Deems all its care repaid, itſelf ſupremely bleſt!

SONNET III.

AFTER READING SHENSTONE'S ELEGIES. 1766.

THE gentle SHENSTONE much of Fortune 'plain'd,
Where Nature's hand the liberal ſpirit gave;
Partial, her bounty ſhe too oft reſtrain'd,
But pour'd it full on Folly's taſteleſs ſlave.

By her alike my humble prayer diſdain'd,
She ſtern denies the only boon I crave;
O'er my fields, fair as thoſe Elyſian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave.

On the high hill to raiſe the higher tower,
To ope wide proſpects over diſtant plains,
Where by broad rivers towns and villas riſe;
Taſte prompts the wiſh, but Fortune bounds the power:
Yet while Health cheers, and Competence ſuſtains,
Theſe more than all, Contentment bids me prize.

SONNET IV.

PREFIXED TO LANGHORNE'S POETICAL WORKS. 1766.

LANGHORNE! unknown to me (ſequeſter'd ſwain!)
Save by the Muſe's ſoul-enchanting lay,
To kindred ſpirits never ſung in vain;
Accept the tribute of this light eſſay.

Sweet are thy ſongs, they oft amuſe my day;
Of Fancy's viſions while I hear thee 'plain,
While Scotland's honours claim thy paſtoral ſtrain,
Or Muſic comes o'er HANDEL tears to pay.

For all thy Irwan's flowery banks diſplay,
Thy Perſian Lover, and his Indian fair;
For all THEODOSIUS' mournful lines convey,
When Pride and Avarice part a matchleſs Pair;
Receive juſt praiſe, and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By Fame and Virtue twin'd for thee to wear.

SONNET V.

TO BRITAIN. 1766.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd Parental Land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the Poor's perſuaſive cry—

When wealth enormous ſets the Oppreſſor high,
When bribes thy ductile ſenators command,
And ſlaves in office freemen's rights withſtand;
Then mourn, for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Tho' leagued in war tremendous round thy ſhore—
But from Thyſelf, thy ruin muſt proceed!
Nor boaſt thy power; for know it is decreed,
Thy freedom loſt, thy power ſhall be no more!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

STANZAS

ON READING MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 1766.

TO Albion's bards the Muſe of Hiſtory ſpoke:
'Record the glories of your native land,
'How Power's rude chain her ſons' brave efforts
'broke,
'And the keen ſcourge tore from Oppreſſion's hand.

'Give to renown the Patriot's noble deeds;
'Brand with diſgrace the Tyrant's hated name;
'Tho' Falſehood oft awhile the mind miſleads,
'Impartial Time beſtows impartial fame.'

She ſaid; and ſoon the lofty lyre they ſtrung,
But artful chang'd the ſubject and the lore;
Of kings, and courts, and courtly ſlaves they ſung,
And gloſs'd with vain applauſe their actions o'er.

The ſervile ſtrain the Muſe indignant heard;
Anxious for truth, for public virtue warm,
She Freedom's faithful advocate appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair MACAULAY's form.

ELEGY

IN THE MANNER OF HAMMOND;

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN, DURING A STORM. 1756.

BLOW on, ye Winds! exert your utmoſt rage,
Sweep o'er the dome, or thro' the foreſt howl!
Could North with South, or Eaſt with Weſt engage,
What were their war to that within my ſoul?

There adverſe paſſions fierce contention hold,
There Love and Pride maintain alternate ſway,
There fell Deſpair's dark clouds on clouds are roll'd,
And veil Hope's tranſient, faint, deluſive ray!

Too charming SYLVIA! dear capricious Fair!
What ſtrange perplexing change of mind is thine!
No more thy ſmiles I'll truſt, thy frowns I'll bear;
I'll ſhun the beauty that muſt ne'er be mine!

Was it for thee I form'd this fair retreat,
Bade thro' the grove the ſmooth walk wind away,
Adorn'd that walk with many a ruſtic ſeat,
And by thoſe ſeats bade tinkling runnels ſtray;

Along my ſunny wall the fruit-tree ſpread,
Upon my eves expos'd the curling vine,
Around my door the ſpicy woodbine led,
Beneath my window ſaw the jaſmine twine?

Blow on, ye Winds! exert your utmoſt power,
Rage thro' my groves, and bear down every tree;
Blaſt the fair fruit, and cruſh the blooming flower—
For SYLVIA's loſt, and theſe are nought to me!

THE AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE. 1776.

FRIEND of my heart, by favouring Heaven beſtow'd,
My lov'd Companion on Life's various road!
Now ſix ſwift years have wing'd their flight away
Since yon bright Sun adorn'd our nuptial day—
For thy ſweet ſmiles, that all my cares remove,
Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy ſweet converſe, ever fram'd to pleaſe,
With prudence lively, ſenſible with eaſe;
To Thee the Muſe awakes her tuneful lay,
The thanks of gratitude ſincere to pay!
Thus long may HYMEN hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his eaſy chain;
Still may fond love and firmeſt faith be mine,
Still health, and peace, and happineſs be thine!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT MEDHURST IN SUSSEX, ON THE AUTHOR'S RETURN FROM CHICHESTER, WHERE HE HAD ATTEMPTED IN VAIN TO FIND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF COLLINS.

TO view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleaſing diſtant ſcene I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the ſtrand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portſea's ſpreading wave,
To fair Ciceſtria's lonely walls I ſtray;
To her fam'd Poet's venerated grave,
Anxious my tribute of reſpect to pay *.

* Collins was born at Chicheſter, died, and probably was interred there.

O'er the dim pavement of the ſolemn fane,
'Midſt the rude ſtones that crowd the adjoining ſpace,
The ſacred ſpot I ſeek, but ſeek in vain;
In vain I aſk—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye whoſe quick obſervant glance
Marks every nobler, every fairer form?
What the ſkill'd ear that ſound's ſweet charms intrance,
And the fond breaſt with generous paſſion warm?

What boots the power each image to pourtray,
The power with force each feeling to expreſs?
How vain the hope that thro' Life's little day,
The ſoul with thought of future fame can bleſs?

While Folly frequent boaſts the inſculptur'd tomb,
By Flattery's pen inſcrib'd with purchas'd praiſe;
While Ruſtic Labour's undiſtinguiſh'd doom
Fond Friendſhip's hand records in humble phraſe;

Of Genius oft and Learning worſe the lot;
For them no care, to them no honour ſhown *:
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
Even Collins ſlumbers in a grave unknown.

Flow, Lavant, flow! along thy ſedgy ſhore
Bear the fraught veſſel from the neighbouring main!
Enrich thy ſons!—but on thy banks no more
May lofty Poet breathe his tuneful ſtrain!

* This cenſure may ſeem too general—perhaps it is ſo. But muſt it not be allowed that the Public is capricious in beſtowing its honours? Does not Weſtminſter Abbey ſhow monuments erected to men, as poets, who had little or no title to the name, while it contains no memorials of writers of far ſuperior merit?

VERSES

TO A FRIEND, PLANTING.

PROCEED, my Friend, purſue thy healthful toil,
Diſpoſe thy ground, and meliorate thy ſoil;
Range thy young plants in walks, or clumps, or bowers,
Diffuſe o'er ſunny banks thy fragrant flowers;
And, while the new creation round thee ſprings,
Enjoy uncheck'd the guiltleſs bliſs it brings:
But hope no more. Tho' Fancy forward ſtray
There ſcenes of diſtant pleaſure to ſurvey,
To expatiate fondly o'er the future grove,
The happy haunt of Friendſhip and of Love;
Know, each fair image form'd within thy mind,
Far wide of truth thy ſickening ſight ſhall find!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHILE thou far hence on Albion's ſouthern ſhore,
View'ſt her white rocks, and hear'ſt her ocean roar;
Thro' ſcenes, where we together ſtray'd, I ſtray,
And think o'er talk of many a long-paſt day.

That favourite park now tempts my ſteps again,
On whoſe green turf ſo oft at eaſe we have lain;
While Hertford's turrets roſe in proſpect fair,
And my fond thought beheld my SYLVIA there;
And much the Muſe rehears'd in careleſs lays
The Lover's ſufferings and the Beauty's praiſe.

Thoſe elm-crown'd fields now oft my walk invite,
Whence Lee's wide vale lies pleaſant to the ſight;
Where, as our view o'er towns and villas roll'd,
Our fancy imag'd how they look'd of old;

When Gothic manſions there uprear'd their towers,
Their halls for banquet, and for reſt their bowers.

But, O my Friend! whene'er I ſeek theſe ſcenes
Of lovely proſpects and delightful greens;
Regardleſs idly of the joy poſſeſs'd,
I dream of days to come, of days more bleſt,
When thou with me ſhalt wander here once more,
And we ſhall talk again our favourite topics o'er.

On Time's ſmooth current as we glide along,
Thus Expectation ever tunes her ſong:
'Fair theſe green banks with gaudy flow'rets bloom,
'Sweet breathe theſe gales, diffuſing rich perfume;
'Heed, heed them not, but careleſsly paſs by,
'To-morrow fairer, ſweeter will ſupply.'
To-morrow comes—the ſame the Syren's lay—
'To-morrow ſweeter gales, and flow'rets ſtill more gay.'

THE SHEPHERD's ELEGY;

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN INGENIOUS FRIEND.

UPON a bank with ſpreading boughs o'erhung,
Of pollard oak, brown elm, and hornbeam grey,
The faded fern and ruſſet graſs among,
While rude winds ſwept the yellow leaves away,
And ſcatter'd o'er the ground the wild fruits lay;
As from the churchyard came the village throng,
Down ſat a rural bard, and rais'd his mournful ſong.

'Nature's beſt gifts, alas, in vain we prize!
'The powers that pleaſe, the powers that pleaſure gain!
'For O with them, in full proportion, riſe
'The powers of giving and of feeling pain!
'Why from my breaſt now burſts this plaintive ſtrain?

'Genius,

'Genius, my Friend! with all its charms was thine,
'And ſenſibility too exquiſite is mine!

'There low he lies!—that head in duſt repos'd,
'Whoſe active thought ſcann'd every various theme!
'Clos'd is that eye, for ever, ever clos'd,
'Whence wont the blaze of ſentiment to beam!
'Mute is that tongue, whence flow'd the copious
'ſtream
'Of eloquence, whoſe moral lore ſo rare
'Delighted and improv'd the liſtening Young and
'Fair.

'Witneſs for me, ye rain-polluted rills;
'Ye deſart meads, that one brown hue diſplay;
'Ye rude eaſt-winds, whoſe breath the dank air chills;
'Ye hovering clouds, that veil the Sun's faint ray!
'Witneſs, as annual here my ſteps ſhall ſtray,
'How his dear image thought ſhall ſtill recall,
'And oft the ſigh ſhall heave, and oft the tear ſhall fall!'

As

As ceaſe the murmurs of the mantling pool,
As ceaſe the whiſpers of the poplar ſpray,
While o'er the vale the white miſt riſes cool
At the calm ſunſet of a ſummer's day—
So ſoftly, ſweetly ceas'd the Shepherd's lay:
While down the pathway to the hamlet plain
Return'd, with lingering ſteps, the penſive rural train.

ON THE

INGENIOUS MR. JONES'S ELEGANT TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS OF EASTERN POETRY, AND HIS RESOLUTION TO DECLINE TRANSLATING THE PERSIAN POETS.

THE Aſian Muſe, a Stranger fair!
Becomes at length Britannia's care;
And HAFIZ' lays, and SADI's ſtrains,
Reſound along our Thames's plains.
They ſing not all of ſtreams and bowers,
Or banquet ſcenes, or ſocial hours;
Nor all of Beauty's blooming charms,
Or War's rude fields, or feats of arms;
But Freedom's lofty notes ſincere,
And Virtue's moral lore ſevere.

But

But ah! they ſing for us no more!
The ſcarcely-taſted pleaſure's o'er!
For He, the Bard whoſe tuneful art
Can beſt their varied themes impart—
For He, alas! the taſk declines;
And Taſte, at loſs irreparable, repines.

CONCLUSION.

TO A FRIEND.

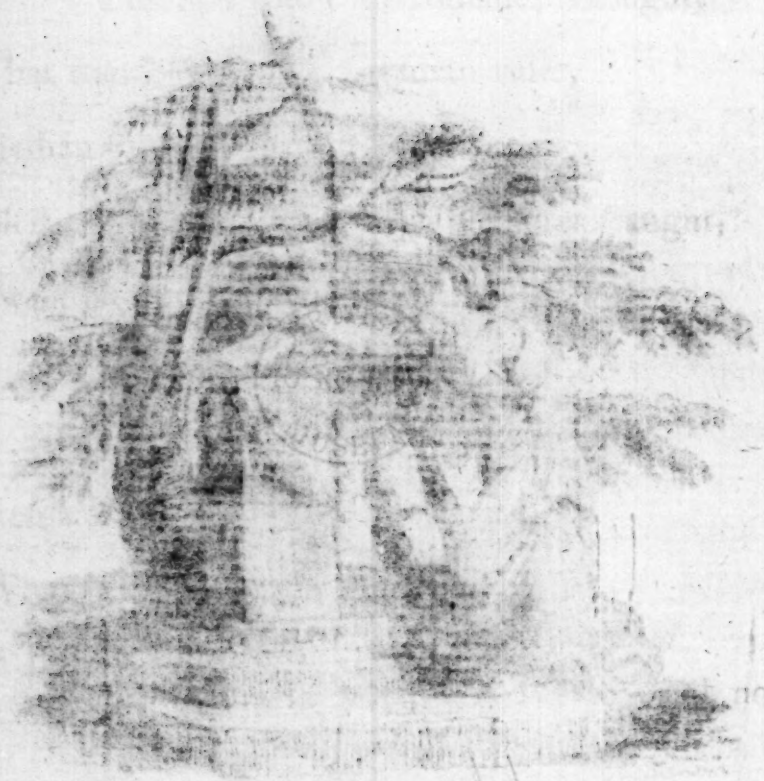
WHEN erſt the Enthuſiaſt Fancy's reign
Indulg'd the wild, romantic thought,
That wander'd 'midſt Arcadian vales,
Sicilian ſtreams, Arabian gales;
Bleſt climes, with wond'rous pleaſures fraught,
Sweet pleaſures, unalloy'd with pain!

When Obſervation's calmer view
Remark'd the real ſtate of things;
Whate'er amuſive one obtain'd,
Whate'er of uſe the other gain'd,
To thee my verſe a tribute brings,
A tribute to thy friendſhip due.

Accept

Accept then this, nor more require:
The Muſe no further taſk eſſays;
But 'midſt the ſylvan ſcenes ſhe loves,
The falling rills, and whiſpering groves,
With ſmiles her labours paſt ſurveys,
And quits the ſyrinx and the lyre *.

* See the Frontiſpiece.



POSTSCRIPT.

THE Author, in the courſe of his literary enquiries, has had reaſon to believe that the productions of ſome writers have not unfrequently received very conſiderable alterations and improvements from the hands of their friends. What he has been told of others, may poſſibly be ſuſpected of himſelf; he therefore takes the liberty to obſerve, that, although he has often derived advantage from the judicious remarks of a few kind acquaintance, to whom his MSS. have been ſhown, he is not indebted to them, nor indeed to any perſon, for the inſertion of a ſingle line.

From the Works of preceding Poets, Memory has ſometimes ſupplied him with turns of expreſſion, which, at the inſtant of compoſing, he imagined were his own; and at other times he has happened on lines uſed by Writers, whoſe performances he had not then ſeen. Some inſtances of ſuch unconſcious plagiariſm, and accidental coincidence, are here pointed out, as matter of curioſity; others

may poſſibly exiſt, though he is not apprized of them.

Blows not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble, &c.
Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral, p. 27.

Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on India's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore—
SHENSTONE's *Works*, vol. i. 8vo. p. 140.

Perhaps SHENSTONE was indebted to AKENSIDE:

——Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting Sun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends——
Pleaſures of Imagination, book iii. line 593.

But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe.
Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral, p. 27.

Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe.
ADDISON *to* DRYDEN, *Works*, vol. i. p. 3.

Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the lands.
Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral, p. 35.

Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.
HAMMOND, *Elegy* xiii. l. 12.

No more thoſe noſtrils breathe the vital air.
Elegies Deſcriptive and Moral, p. 44.

That while my noſtrils draw the vital air.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, canto iv.

In one ſad ſpot where kindred aſhes lie.
Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 51.

In one lone ſpot their mouldering aſhes lie.
Mr. KEATE's *Ruins of Netley Abbey*, 1764.

Of claſſic lore accompanied my walk. *Amwell*, p. 74

In ſumptuous cars accompanied his march.
LEONIDAS, book viii.

And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare.
Arabian Eclogue, p. 133.

And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
DRYDEN's *Meleager and Atalanta*.

And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
Indian Eclogue, p. 146.

The cities no inhabitant contain'd.
FAWKES's *Song of Deborah*; *Poems*, p. 100.

Again he look'd, again he ſigh'd. *Ode* ii. p. 173.

And ſigh'd and look'd— DRYDEN's *Alexander's Feaſt*.

There Poverty, grim ſpectre! roſe. *Ode* xxi. p. 226.

Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty.
POPE, *Imitation of Horace*, book ii. epiſt. 1.

Each paſtoral ſight, and every paſtoral ſound.
Epiſtle i. p. 264.

Deſignedly imitated from MILTON:

Each rural ſight, each rural ſound.——

And pure as vernal bloſſoms newly blown.
Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

All pure as bloſſoms which are newly blown.
WM. BROWNE's *Britannia's Paſtorals*, vol. i. p. 101.

DAVIES's Edition of BROWNE's Works was publiſhed in 1772. The Author had never ſeen any of the old editions, nor any extract from them.

Haſte, bring my ſteed ſupreme in ſtrength and grace,
Firſt in the fight, and fleeteſt in the chace.
Arabian Eclogue, p. 133.

This Eclogue was written in 1777. In a volume of Poems by the ingenious Mr. MAURICE, printed in 1779, the Author met with the following near reſemblance:

Full fifty ſteeds I boaſt of ſwifteſt pace,
Fierce in the fight, and foremoſt in the race.

In the Amoebaean Eclogue, intitled THE DESCRIBERS, p. 99, 100, a part of the imagery bears a con-

a conſiderable reſemblance to ſome deſcriptions in a little collection of pleaſing ſonnets, by Mr. BAMFYLDE, 1778; which collection the Author never ſaw till after his own volume was printed. This is a proof, that two writers, both painting from Nature, will often unknowingly coincide very nearly in ſelection, arrangement, and expreſſion.

FINIS.

Written by the ſame AUTHOR, *and ſold by* C. DILLY, *in the Poultry.*

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